

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

A FEW weeks ago I had a little argument with the editor of the *Christian Guardian* as to whether religion was a thing to "get" like measles, or something which had to be lived as defined in James i., 27, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." I contended, and still contend, that as the Apostle James defines religion it is a thing which is not caught like a fever or anything of that sort. However, an incident has come to my notice which affords an illustration of the religion which is "got," not lived, and I take the liberty of asking my editorial brother if he does not agree with me in believing it to be a spurious article. The illustration in point consists of a couple of complaints from reputable citizens with regard to a matter which will enlist for the complainants the sympathy of all frequenters of summer resorts. As both complaints are with regard to the conduct of the same person, it will be enough to specify the particulars in one instance only. A busy man took his motherless little boy and his nurse to a large farmhouse on the lake shore, where about twenty boarders were kept. There were nearly a dozen children amongst the boarders, and all went well until a reverend gentleman, high in the Methodist Church, sent his two children to the same place while they were suffering from a severe attack of whooping-cough. Upon being remonstrated with he said it was only whooping-cough and that all children would have to have it, if they had not had it already. The following day some of the boarders left, including the nurse and child of the gentleman who so bitterly resents the clergyman's performance. The child was stricken with the malady and it came near ending its little life. A number of other children were also infected, including the youngest child of the proprietor of the farmhouse. The result was the breaking-up of the farmer's summer business, the severe sickness of a number of children, and the torturing anxiety suffered by a man who had nothing but a little two-year-old child to remind him of his wife and almost deserted home. The health officer says that cases of whooping-cough are not isolated unless application is made to the health office, but it seems to me that the conduct described was a thoroughly heartless proceeding on the part of the clergyman in question. If he had felt that he was thoroughly justified in sending cases of whooping-cough to a summer resort, why did he not choose Grimsby Park, where his own denomination gather in large numbers? One would have considered him a thoughtless offender had he followed such a course, but as he appears to have gone out of his summer circuit in order not to antagonize those with whom he has to deal, no sufficient apology occurs to me for what cannot be considered anything but selfishness.

There are many other offenders of the same sort, parents who seem to think that their children are the only children on earth worth taking care of, and who apparently follow the principle that it does not matter what happens as long as it does not happen to their families. Is not, I should like to ask the *Guardian*, such lack of consideration unchristian and disastrous? If children with whooping-cough, and measles, and scarlet fever, and diphtheria, may with impunity be taken to places where other children gather, no summer resort will be as safe as home, where at least we know something about the health of our neighbors and where the health officer exercises supervision. If convalescent children, or those with milder infantile troubles, such as whooping-cough, are to be given a summer outing which they certainly need, care should be exercised that they are not sent into a big boarding-house or a hotel where they will ruin the proprietor's business and destroy the summer holidays of the mothers and children assembled there. When one reckons the amount of loss, suffering and work which was entailed upon the innocent inmates of the farmhouse in question, one wonders that an educated and presumably Christian man would so far forget his duty to his neighbors as to be the open-eyed cause of it all. Is the religion he "got" anything like the article described by the Apostle James?

THE new turbine power for propelling steamers, invented and applied by Mr. Parsons, seems likely to revolutionize the trans-Atlantic passenger business both as to the time consumed and the route taken. The inventor himself does not see his way clear to build a vessel to be run by the turbine engine which will be capable of crossing from New York to Southampton or Liverpool, the distance being too great to carry coal sufficient for the enormous hourly consumption by the furnaces. To run at a speed of forty miles an hour, he says, would be possible in the Mediterranean, where coaling stations would in no instance be far apart, but to cross the Atlantic on the regular routes of steamers at a high rate of speed seems to Mr. Parsons, as yet, out of the question. To cross from Milford Haven to Green Bay in Newfoundland is but little more than half the distance between Southampton and New York, and if the project is feasible anywhere for such a distance the shortest trans-Atlantic route will get the line. From Green Bay the passengers and mails could be carried through Newfoundland, thence by swift steamer to the Maritime Provinces, and be delivered in Montreal, it is said, three days from London. Of this only about forty hours would be spent on the ocean, and those who suffer from seasickness would without doubt avail themselves of the new-fashioned ships, for they run as steadily as a railroad train without regard to wind or wave. It thus seems past peradventure that Canada will ultimately be the great route between the New World and the Old, for the new ships are not an experiment, but a fact, and the naval nations of the world are hastening to place their orders for torpedo boats and destroyers propelled by this simple but marvelously powerful force. Indeed, so great a sensation have these new steamers caused that it is said to be almost impossible to get capitalists to invest money in the swiftest of the older fashioned steamers until the full capacity of the new invention is demonstrated. This being the case, the Dominion Government may have considerable trouble in inducing capitalists to take hold of the proposed fast line, but no matter whether this is the case or not, nothing less than a twenty-knot service should be accepted, even temporarily; that can be had whether the turbine steamers cross the ocean or not, for such ships will always remain valuable for the New York and Southampton trade, which cannot be served by the new model.

THE wisdom of opening the Industrial Fair earlier in the season than heretofore has been demonstrated. Large crowds have been in attendance from the beginning. The weather has been fine and the farmers apparently feel like having a holiday right after harvest, and are taking it. It is marvelous how quickly the presence of extra dollars in the farmers' pocket is felt in all the towns and cities of Ontario, particularly in Toronto at Fair time. The wholesale houses are crowded with buyers who are placing good orders, and every commercial enterprise feels the presence of the nimble coin.

THE wave of prosperity which is rolling over Canada will doubtless give an impetus to railroad building through unsettled districts, and inclines me to indulge in my periodical reminder with regard to making steel rails in Canada. We have iron and coal, and if the Provincial and Federal Governments, which are continually giving grants to railroad enterprises, ordinarily just about sufficient to iron the roads, were to provide the rails instead of a cash bonus, some system might be inaugurated of making the steel within the Dominion.

If instead of sending tens of millions of dollars to the United States, England and Belgium for steel rails, we were to make them at home, even at an apparent loss, we would still be better off and there would be some chance of permanently establishing great rolling-mills in Canada. Are we forever to sit idle and see our great iron deposits unworked? Is there no hope that we may take our place amongst the iron-mining and iron-forging and steel-making nations of the world? Is it not a matter worth looking into? Could not we support one great mill by taking its output for the purpose of assisting colonization and development railways? If it is an impossibility I should like to hear the reasons. If the project is practicable, why should not the Government enquire into the matter and lend a hand in pushing the scheme along? Why, indeed, should not long-term convicts be so located as to serve in a great rolling-mill turning out steel rails, the output of which would be used for national purposes? The labor unions of Canada could not complain, for it would take the bread out of the mouth of no one, no such industry now being in operation. Our penitentiaries have been successful in breeding scoundrels and keeping convicts almost in idleness. They might well be reorganized, for the men would be benefited and the nation the gainer if they were employed in genuine work for the good of the whole people.

NEXT Tuesday the schools of Toronto re-open, and a great favor would be done to the people of this city if the united press and pulpit were able to draw the attention of teachers, pupils and parents to the fact that there is being bred

city there runs a marked rudeness, something akin to boorishness, and this can be found amongst the pupils of the schools in the good localities almost as distinctly as amongst the children of the poorer classes. Pedestrians are jostled off the sidewalk; cries and cat-calls are indulged in at the expense of passers-by; civil questions are answered with "I dunno" and an empty laugh. The habit of saying "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," is evidently but little cultivated, and the majority of boys forget to take off their caps and pay reasonable respect to their elders when they are sent on a message.

## THE QUEEN REGENT.



THE eyes of the world are turned just now on The Hague, where a beautiful girl of eighteen is ascending a throne—Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands.

On Wednesday, Aug. 31, Wilhelmina Helena Pauline Marie reached the age of eighteen and came legally of age, and her coronation will take place on Tuesday next, Sept. 6. Queen Wilhelmina is the only queen in her own right who has ascended a throne since Queen Victoria became Queen of Great Britain and Ireland in 1837.

The young Queen is the daughter of William III. of Holland of the House of Orange, who died in 1889, since which time the young Queen's mother has been a wise and much-loved Queen Regent. William III. had quite a reputation in his day. At the age of sixty-two he fell desperately in love (in 1879) with Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, who is now the widowed Duchess of Albany. The young princess laughed at his suit and the old King was deeply offended. He overheard the Princess Emma, her younger sister, say: "Helen, I should never refuse to become a queen." He turned his attentions to the younger sister and they were married the same year.

The birthday celebrations of Queen Wilhelmina will be continued at The Hague until Monday, when she will proceed to Amsterdam to meet high officers of state and a grand military guard. The Dutch Government has ordered home from Java all the jewels in the Treasury, which have been taken from the native rulers of that rich island, in order to make for the young Queen a crown, sceptre and orb. Among them are some of the most splendid jewels in the world.

There has been much speculation as to a suitable marriage for the young Queen. Wilhelmina has declared positively that she will never make a political or diplomatic marriage, but will remain single unless her own heart impels her to enter wedlock.

charge should be in the direction of repressing the rowdy in a boy before he gets too old to be birched. So many boys have thoroughly developed into public nuisances that the police should make much greater efforts than they do to make them dread the law. I do not believe in curfew bells or denying youngsters a certain amount of liberty, but for the benefit of the community and the good of the boys themselves the police regulations should be made much more strict. We are in the habit of laying the odium of all disorder and disgraceful conduct on people who have been drinking, but when hand concerts are interrupted, when vile language is being used on the streets, when lawns and flower-beds and fences and hedges and gates are disfigured or destroyed, in forty-nine cases out of fifty we can trace it to the youthful rowdy who can scarcely yet have tasted, or at least taken to any extent, intoxicating liquor. These boys doubtless grow dissipated and more dangerous as they grow older, but the beginning of their bad habits is too frequently found in the home, in the school, in the street. A man does not take the first step towards becoming a nuisance to himself, his friends and the community by getting drunk; the drinking habit is much more frequently the result than the cause.

It seems to me that it is quite within the limit of possibility that the teachers of Toronto are not doing as much as they might to start these youngsters aright. In the Old Country schools they used to charge a penny extra for teaching 'navies,' and if good manners cannot be taught at the present price something extra should be voted to inculcate the necessary principles of self-respect and consideration for others. The fact that some teachers are so much more successful in turning out well behaved boys and girls than others who have equally good material to work upon, indicates that all of those who are in charge of schools are not equally impressed with the value of this branch of the teaching art. Far be it from any citizen of Toronto to speak evil of any phase of our educational system, for our schools are the pride of the city, but every year I am more impressed with the fact that our youngsters may know all that it is necessary to know about reading, writing and arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, and all that sort of thing, and yet be benefited little if there be that one thing lacking which is necessary to make the world move pleasantly along—consideration for others, gentleness, politeness, or whatever you may call it. I am not one of those who take the view that teaching religion in the schools will remove the evils of which I speak, for the schools in which the most religion is taught, unfortunately turn out some of the roughest pupils. Politeness is not even a matter of morality; it is less—it is simply the lubricant which makes the wheels of the social world go around without creaking; it is the idea which prevents us from intentionally treading on one another's toes; it is the habit of minding one's own business; it is the instinct which makes its possessor refrain from getting in other people's way or damaging other people's property, or destroying other people's happiness in the small things of life's daily contacts. [Why, when it is so necessary to the well-being of the boy and girl and so great a blessing to the community, is there so little of it to be seen?]

THE Opposition newspapers are continually railing against the Government because our percentage of imports from the United States has increased, while the percentage from Great Britain has diminished during the period covered by the preferential tariff in favor of the latter country. If these newspapers would pay some little attention to providing themselves a line of retreat, in looking around them, they would discover that they are getting themselves into an inextricable tangle. Perhaps, however, such swash-buckler politicians feel that it would be sufficient for them to deny ever having made the assertions which are now daily appearing, when the time comes when they will be asked to justify their present course. If this is their mood, argument must be useless, for no matter what is said they will continue to attack the Government as viciously as ever.

The facts, however, can be comprehended by anyone who pauses a moment to consider the matter. Until the end of June, 1898, the preferential tariff was only twelve and a half per cent, in favor of Great Britain, and, owing to the depression in the markets of the United States, goods were exceedingly cheap there, and were pushed on Canadian buyers with every energy of a trading community which thoroughly understood that the difference in favor of Great Britain would in July become twenty-five per cent. The last year has been one of unusual activity in Canadian factories, and the purchases of raw materials in the United States were unusually large, as Canadian stocks were unusually low and the orders for goods were coming in at a very encouraging rate. Therefore, the real test of how much difference the preferential tariff in favor of Great Britain will make in our trade relations has only begun, but if twenty-five per cent. should prove to be insufficient to displace such goods as are manufactured in the United States and are also manufactured in Great Britain, it will not, as the Conservative press claims, prove that the tariff was made to delude the Britishers and favor the Yankees, but it will simply demonstrate that the British manufacturers are not in many instances making the sort of goods which Canadians want.

During the past year and a half I have had unusual opportunities of comparing the methods adopted in foreign countries by British, German and United States manufacturers, and in nearly every instance I have found that the Germans are the most imitative, are willing to make any pattern, style or quality that a customer desires, and consequently have been enlarging their percentage of trade. The British exporter seems to think that his goods are the best, his patterns the most useful, and his methods beyond criticism, consequently he is failing to make changes or to please the merchants in some very valuable markets. The manufacturers of the United States are none too willing to adapt themselves to circumstances and foreign conditions, and have consequently been gaining ground very slowly. In Canada we know very well that British boots and shoes could not be largely sold because they do not please the taste of the Canadian people. Despite the heavy duty, the boots and shoes of the United States are sold in this country in large quantities, not because they are made specially to suit us, but because the tastes of the peoples of the two countries are almost identical in the matter of footwear. Thus it happens that in many lines the article manufactured in the United States for the people of that country exactly suits the people of this country, and Canadians are willing to pay the price to obtain it. Our boot and shoe manufacturers now make an article so much like the one manufactured in the United States that it will only be a matter of time until the Yankee boot and shoe will not be able to come into Canada in competition with the domestic article. This illustration should be sufficient to indicate that contiguity and a similarity of tastes in dress and similarity of necessities in machinery and appliances of all sorts, give the United States a great advantage over England. If in fabrics, hardware, cutlery, etc., the United States patterns please the Canadians better than the British styles, the Canadians will pay the extra percentage for what they like. It would be a very patriotic man and an unprecedentedly patriotic woman who would dress out of style in order to get their garments from Great Britain instead of from Paris or New York. If the British manufacturer is so lacking in enterprise as to continue manufacturing goods which are not suitable to Canadian tastes, he cannot hope



WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.

in our midst a swarm of rowdy boys who are a disgrace to the community. From every direction I hear continual complaints of the disgraceful behavior of lads who cannot have been long out of school. From some sections of the city these complaints include boys and girls who are still attending the Public schools, and their behavior, I have myself noticed, indicates that there is something radically wrong both with the school and the home training. No city on the continent has better schools than we have, or fewer localities where poverty, ignorance and vice furnish an adequate explanation of an almost entire absence of good manners, decent discipline, or those examples which are better than any quantity of precepts. Anyone taking the pains to observe the streets adjacent to the Public schools, when the pupils are coming out at noon hour or in the evening, will discover many different phases of good and bad conduct. Youngsters from the schools in the better neighborhoods, of course, generally behave themselves as boys and girls will whose parents have some idea of the proprieties of life, but there are many startling exceptions which are positively painful to witness. In schools located amongst people who have a harder struggle to make a livelihood and where there is less culture in the homes, rudeness and vandalism are disgustingly prevalent. But through nearly the whole of the boy life of this

Dozens of times merchants and professional men have remarked to me that the boys of Toronto are woefully deficient in manners. No one who has had the hiring of boys in offices or warehouses can have failed to notice how few applicants for positions know how to approach a business man, how seldom they can ask a question in a quiet, manly way, or how few of them can listen attentively and respectfully to what they are being told. Boys lacking these rudiments of good manners are badly handicapped, and lads who leave school without having some individual polish and without understanding the art of being agreeable are very apt to struggle for years to get along without these simple accomplishments. Indeed, boys who are too self-assertive and who consider that they can jostle people, and throw bricks, and kick their feet through hedges, and race across private lawns, are in a fair way to develop into street corner rowdies. If the noisy, swearing loafers who are not yet out of their teens but who are continually seen trooping along the streets on Sundays and in the evenings, are not recruited from unmannerly schoolboys, where do they come from?

The teachers of the Public schools of Toronto have a grave responsibility in this matter, and it seems to me that their most energetic attempts to discipline the youngsters in their



to find an increased Canadian market. Nor would it be just to make the preference in favor of goods which are not suited to our people, any greater than twenty-five per cent. Great Britain can seize a great deal of business now done by the United States with Canada, but it will have to produce the styles and qualities adapted to this market.

There are a great many Canadians who would like to see the tariff so increased as to make it almost prohibitory in the matter of imports from the United States. And some day, if Dingleyism continues and further frantic attempts are made by the United States to have trade all their way, that they may sell to everyone and buy from none, it may become the imperative duty of the Canadian Government to have a reciprocity in tariffs if they cannot have reciprocity of any other sort.

Another feature of our imports from the United States is not sufficiently noticed. A great deal of raw material which we get from foreign countries, particularly that which is free of duty, filters through the United States and is credited to that country, though not originating there. This swells the apparent volume of trade, though the material passes through the republic without any labor being done upon it, or being of any particular advantage to the United States except paying the warehouse duties, terminal and freight charges, and commissions. Taking all these things into consideration and remembering that no government can revolutionize the tastes of a people or prevent a trade which is profitable no matter under what disadvantages it is conducted, it is impossible to charge our Administration with showing either bad faith to Great Britain or favoritism to the United States. One thing seems incumbent upon both the Government and manufacturers of Canada and the exporters of Great Britain, and that is to examine carefully into the conditions which make it possible for the United States to ship us so many million dollars' worth of goods in the face of the high tariff opposed to them and the much lower tariff which meets similar goods from the United Kingdom. It seems evident that Canadian manufacturers are not properly serving all sections of the domestic market, and are thereby losing business, just as Great Britain is losing sales by not serving any of the Canadian markets in certain lines as well as they are served by the manufacturers of the United States. Admittedly Eastern Canadian manufacturers do not please the consumers in the far West as well as they are pleased by the neighboring exporters in the United States. This being the case, we can hardly call the British manufacturers old fogies when we are not quite up to date ourselves. Time, however, will rectify these things, and though the Opposition press may declaim with all their might that the preference given to Great Britain is misleading and worthless, they will only disgust their readers, who are all well aware that the favor is greatly appreciated by Great Britain, and that it is so greatly feared by the United States that no reciprocity treaty can be negotiated unless that feature of our tariff is abandoned. Thus, if those who gain and those who lose by the preferential feature consider its continuance to be of the utmost importance, the bricks thrown by the Opposition editors will only break windows in the house of their own friends.

A Some of the results of writing about boarding and lodging-houses for our student and tourist classes, I have had some pointers given me by a couple of ladies who were seeking a home of that sort. It is a long time since I lived in boarding-houses, but time never can efface my recollections of some of those in which I dwelt, and according to these ladies the old-fashioned boarding-house is still doing business and is as lonesome and cheerless as ever. They made a couple of dozen calls as the result of advertisements, and in a score of cases the boarding-houses were exceedingly unattractive, while in only three or four instances was there any brightness, or flowers, or the air of a refined home. Oddly enough, some of the dark, dreary, well furnished rooms which were enough to give one the blues, cost the highest prices, while bright little places, with flowers in the windows and refined people in charge, were the most moderate. Furthermore, it was developed that the manner of receiving applicants was generally a counterpart of an unhappy-looking house. Ladies are not apt to like being shut out in the portico of a house and having the door locked on them while the mistress is being hunted up by the slavey, nor when the mistress arrives do they expect to stand on the steps and do some preliminary bargaining before being admitted. No doubt boarding-house keepers are pestered with applicants of all sorts and many undesirable people ring the bells and ask to see the rooms, but universal courtesy and the bearing that a woman may always have, even while sizing up her visitors, should be a sufficient safeguard without pulling shut the door or standing with the door in hand.

If people who intend to keep good boarding-houses would try to get places with plenty of light and ventilation, instead of taking the old-fashioned residences which no private family would engage, they would be more successful.

Of course I am speaking of the better class of boarding-house, and do not include those places where a bed sufficient to rest in and food sufficient to fill are all that are expected. To people of some education and taste ugly wall paper becomes a positive horror, and glaring pictures and flaring or badly faded carpets after a while become a nightmare. These things can be obviated, and cheerful cleanliness can easily be made the air of a room, and the clean apron and the little white cap on the maid may also be made to do instead of an extra dish on the table. Some little room set aside where the boarders can meet is worth more than many other things which boarding-house keepers put themselves to considerable trouble to furnish, and the absence of kitchen odors from the front hall is also a beautiful thing.

Of course we all understand the misfortunes which force so many people into keeping boarders and lodgers, and sympathize with those who have found it necessary to perhaps suddenly turn their little homes into houses of entertainment. Nevertheless, when the head of a family finds herself in such a situation she should at once study the business and decide if she is to keep a boarding-house that she will keep as pretty and attractive a place as can be found, and will acquire the art of furnishing a table with pleasant food and as cheaply as possible. I can picture a dozen poor, tired women whom I have known as boarding-house keepers, who dare not sit down for fifteen minutes to think of some little change in the bill of fare, lest the house-keeping might run away with them. Yet the hour spent in thinking out some nice little changes at small expense must surely be the best employed of the long season of work from morn till the last lodger is cared for at night.

Making these boarding-places remunerative, or even sufficient for a livelihood, is a business. The choice of guests is a business; caring for them and collecting from them is an art. Always keeping the rooms filled also needs clever management. The whole matter summed up seems to be that in caring for the student and tourist class at least, the house and the table should be made something to look forward to instead of to be run away from. The boarding-house keeper is successful in a greater degree when her lodgers feel like sitting about their rooms and in the little parlor in the evening, than is the wife who makes her home sufficiently attractive to keep her husband in it after dinner. Ordinarily to sit in a boarding-house parlor without a spark of fire, though the room may be warm enough, is not a cheerful thing on a winter night, and all these little things which add a trifle to the expense can be made assessable on the boarders. They come together without knowledge of one another; they have no power of organization, but the mistress of the house can very easily make them comfortable and sociable. A little tact is worth more than a big piece of pie to make a boarder happy. However, as I never kept a boarding-house, perhaps I know very little of it from the landlady's standpoint, but having lived in a good many I remember much from the lodger's point of view; and having talked with these ladies and glanced at the windows of so many of the houses I know that are reputed to be amongst the best for transient guests, I am convinced that even these few suggestions will

not give offence, but may lead some of the hard-working ladies in the boarding-house business to remember that the eyes of the guests have to be regarded as well as their stomachs.

THE International Commission sitting at Quebec seems liable to degenerate into something very much like a farce. The proceedings have been kept secret, but the United States Commissioners cannot dull their ears to the clamor of their fellow-countrymen on the outside of the council chamber, and the howling of these industrial wolves must give rise to gruesome thoughts as to how they and any concessions to Canada will be treated when they present their measures, if any be agreed upon, to the United States Congress. If the thing is to be a farce, like all the most acceptable farces it should be short, and the Canadian Commissioners should withdraw before the whole affair becomes ridiculous by reason of the extraordinary demands made by the United States, accompanied, as it is to be feared they will be, by the most trifling concessions. Canada is watching the performance with intense interest, but without much hope of the Commissioners arriving at any substantial agreement. The general feeling of the country is that Great Britain and the United States are having a fox hunt over our fields, and that the most that we can expect is to have our fences and crops damaged while the other fellows have all the fun and get all the game.

THE dinner which is to be given by the British Empire League to Hon. William Mulock in recognition of what he has done to draw the colonies nearer the Empire by means of Imperial penny postage, will be a well merited and graceful tribute to a distinguished fellow-citizen. The fact that it is entirely non-political, by long odds the majority of the members of the Empire League being Conservatives of the older school, proves that the best and most steadfast lovers of the Empire prefer politics larger than those of the cross-roads and cloister type. The action of the British Empire League should be a gentle hint to some of the disconsolate Racheles of the Opposition newspapers who are struggling so hard to give credit of the Imperial penny postage movement to Mr. Henniker-Heaton. No one is desirous of belittling the work done by Mr. Henniker-Heaton, though the British press admits that he never succeeded in even bringing the project into the realm of practical politics, and the colonies in which Mr. Henniker-Heaton did almost all of his agitating for penny postage—Australia and New Zealand—are the ones which have refused to accept a reduced rate. While all Canada is disposed to honor the Postmaster-General for what he has done it might be well for the Opposition newspapers to cease to work on the theory that no good can possibly come out of the Liberal Samaritan.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH'S article on the plebiscite in last week's *Sun* should be read by every elector in Canada. The strength of the argument and the moderation of its every expression combine to carry conviction to the mind of every reader who is not saturated with prejudice. No matter how the plebiscite may result, Rev. Principal Grant and Professor Goldwin Smith will both stand conspicuously in public view as men who have the courage of their convictions and surpassing ability in expressing them. Small men are readiest to "crawl under the barn" in the face of a fanatical multitude, but the strong and upright character yields itself very slowly, if at all, to such a humiliating posture. These two gentlemen at least, after the voting is over, will not have to brush the evidences of cowardice from their garments, though it is to be feared there will be thousands of others who will be driven to the polls to vote for Prohibition by the fear of criticism or the dread of being ostracized as a lost soul.

Lyons' swim of three miles in the lake last Tuesday from a sail-boat, capsize of Munroe Park, Toronto, proves him to be a very plucky young man. He was completely drenched, the water was cold, as it always is at any considerable distance from shore, he was three miles from land, and by his own confession he was an indifferent swimmer. Yet in spite of this, to reassure one of the party who lost his head and couldn't be encouraged to cling to the boat calmly by any other means, Lyons undertook to swim ashore for help. He divested himself of part of his clothing as he floated by the boat, and then started on his long swim. As a rule it is very unwise to leave a capsize boat to swim ashore. It is not difficult to keep afloat by resting lightly on the boat, and the chances are better, in frequented waters, of getting picked up in an hour or so than they are of swimming safely to shore. In this case the three who remained by the boat were picked up before Lyons could send them assistance. Though he came through all right, still there have been any number of cases not so happy. Unwise as it was, however, it was, nevertheless, a very plucky thing to do under the circumstances and Lyons deserves credit for the feat.

On the first day of the ninth month of the year the courts have answered the enquiry as to whether James Gowanlock is qualified to sit for 1898 as a Toronto alderman. The answer is "No." Harvey Hall, who raised the question, is also informed that he can't have the seat, and was guilty of bribery in that he hired a vehicle to drive around in on polling day, and in this vehicle drove certain electors to the polls. Several interesting points may now be raised, and there is really no reason why the names of Gowanlock and Hall should cease to echo in the halls of justice. There may be lawsuits over votes cast by Gowanlock during the time that he improperly sat as an alderman. It may be necessary to go to law to find out whether Hall is disqualified from voting or occupying a public office by the judgment of the Master-in-Chambers. If Gowanlock's votes, in council and committee, are challenged, perhaps the city of Toronto may seek to recover damages from him, or from the judges and lawyers who split hairs for eight months while these improper votes were being cast. The case is still a most promising one. Perhaps Mr. Gowanlock will run again and be elected, and proceeded against again—why not? The case in some form may easily survive the century.

Lady Blessington, who was accorded the name of "the gorgeous," when Prince Louis Napoleon, the last emperor of the French, was an exile in London, was remarkably courteous to him, extending her hospitality in the most lavish way. After his accession to the throne of France she was in Paris for a season, and somewhat naturally looked forward to an invitation to the Tuileries. Time passed and none came. But at a sumptuous ball given elsewhere the Emperor passed in the full splendor of his triumph. Catching sight of his benefactress, he smiled and asked: "Ah, Lady Blessington! You remain in Paris for a time?" "Yes, sire," said she; "and you?"

Captain Eulate of the Vizeya is one of the naval prisoners at Annapolis. The other day a young woman rushed up to him and exclaimed: "Oh, Captain Eulate, I have a favor to ask of you." "Pardon," was the reply, "but I do not quite comprehend." "Oh, never mind," said the young woman, "all I want is this," and approaching the distinguished prisoner of war, she whipped out a pair of scissors from somewhere in the folds of her dress, and before Captain Eulate knew what her intention was she had snipped off one of the buttons of his coat. The Spanish commander was speechless with indignation.

A prominent London lawyer, who is known to have an excellent picture gallery, was sitting in his office studying Christie's catalogue of the sale of Burne-Jones' pictures, when to him entered a client—a man of great wealth and social prominence in Kent. "I hope," said the client, "you will be able to come to that meeting on Saturday." "It will be impossible," was the reply; "I've attended this sale at Christie's (waving the catalogue)—the Burne-Jones sale, you know." "Tut! tut! exclaimed the great man, in negation. "How inconvenient! Burne-Jones' sale! I—what is it? Is it *winet*?"

When Mrs. Stanford was in Paris some years ago she visited Meissonnier's studio, accompanied by some friends. They all looked over the pictures, and Mrs. Stanford expressed to Mme. Meissonnier, who was decidedly a bourgeois, her admiration of the fine art. Mme. Meissonnier shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, but he has nothing else to do," she said.

## Social and Personal.

ON Monday evening the Yacht Club House was the rendezvous of a gay party, including many of our Southern visitors. A bright party came from the Arlington, including: Judge and Mrs. Bond, Miss Stewart of St. Louis; Mrs. Morrow, Mrs. Hill, Miss Bond, Miss Nelson, Miss Willins, Miss Hill, Miss Dillon and Mr. Phelan of Memphis. Little Miss Willins, in a pale blue flowered organdie and big Greenaway bonnet, captured all hearts with her naive ways. Mr. Esten Fletcher brought his friend Mr. Hawkins, a fine-looking man, formerly of Buffalo. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and their popular daughter, Miss Inez, Mr. Melvin-Jones, Mr. and Miss Evelyn Cox, Mr. Tom Plummer, Mr. Small, Mr. Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mrs. and the Misses Monahan, Miss Steers, Mr. V. and the Misses Hughes, Mr. and the Misses Cowan, Dr. James Patterson, Mrs. and Miss Hozaboom, Mr. Davies, Mr. Harry MacMillan, Mr. Robertson, Mr. and the Misses Lamont, Miss White, Miss Macdonell, Mrs. and Miss Reid, Mr. Clarke, Mrs. Winthrop, Miss Burns, were a few of those present. The beauty of the night tempted many to spend the short evening on the lawn or on the pier, where seats and benches were scattered about. The music was very good, and the kind attentions of the honorary secretary, Mr. Ricardo Seaver, were unremitting. The good news that the dances are to continue for two weeks more is received with great pleasure by all, and the weekly hop at the Yacht Club's Island home is still Monday's fixture.

The Industrial Exhibition opened on Tuesday with perfect weather and much enthusiasm. The scene selected for this year's pyrotechnic display accords well with the background of blue Lake Ontario, and the scenery is exceedingly well painted and set up. The picturesque view of Cuba and the harbor is quite pretty, and the fireworks excellent. On opening day the smart crowd who were invited took seats on the front rows of chairs in the grand stand and were entertained for a long time by the Spanish troubadours and the Tyrolean singers—all in their national costume and looking quite smart. These quickly skirred down when the band played the National Anthem and His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, with a large party of aldermen, and accompanied by Mr. Bainbridge, M.P., of England, and attended by Commander Law, as aide, climbed into the high platform and received and replied to the address of welcome, which was read by President Withrow. Dr. Parsons gave an extempore prayer to open the proceedings, a new departure in my experience of this ceremony regarding the Exhibition. After the magic button was pressed the distinguished party descended, the platform passed into the hands of the demolishers, who speedily knocked it apart and carried the debris away, and His Honor and his guest and aide joined the ladies in the Government House enclosure, where were Miss Mowat, Professor and Mrs. Mowat of Kingston, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Bainbridge and her very pretty daughters—fair young girls perfect types of English beauty. Through the crowd strolled Colonel Otter and Major Lessard, Dr. Sterling Ryerson, Mrs. Covert Moffatt and a party of ladies, Alderman and Mrs. Rutter, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Miss Beardmore and a party of friends, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Clarkson and her young son and daughter, Mrs. Clarence Denison, Mr. Walter Denison, the Misses Mary and Clara Cox, Mrs. Carruthers, Mrs. and Miss Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Williams and Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Baker, Miss Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Baker, Mr. Wynder Strath, Mrs. Gooderham of Waveney, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. William Crowther, Mr. James Crowther, Miss Samuel and Mrs. Sigmund Samuel, Mr. and Mrs. William Lount, Mrs. Steiner, Mrs. Le Grand Reed, and many others, for gradually the city folks are returning after an outing across the sea or in some resort on this side of the herring pond. Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Miss Crooks took a drive through the grounds about sundown. Many a regret was uttered that Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick were not able to attend. Some interest was evinced by the smart persons present in the French exhibit, which is situated in the southwest portion of the Main Building, in charge of affable people from Paris, headed by Monsieur Sauley, who is a patient and courteous responder to countless questions. The arrival of Madame Harriet with a ravishing exhibit of Parisian "creations" was expected a day or two ago to complete the French section. Some beautiful mahogany and very old reception chairs and cabinets with rare china make an interesting exhibit in the Main Building. The Italian orchestra plays in the central kiosk and several bands outside. The art gallery is enriched by a couple of fine paintings loaned by Mrs. Palmer of Queen's Park, and Mr. Osler has also helped along the exhibit. On every hand gratification is expressed with the variety and cleverness of the attractions in the ring. The wee Japs are funny children, and the acrobats are very good. The two sensations are *vis-a-vis*, Mlle. Planka and the lions sharing the ohs and ahs with the diving elks and the limber Frenchman in scarlet tights and jockey cap and whip, who manipulates the rubber globe at a distressingly risky incline and altitude. The show is clever, clean and interesting, and Manager Hill is still the great and only whom we all delight to honor.

"Made in Germany" has grown into a byword—"Made in Toronto" is the legend on a great exhibit of carpets, Axminster and Ingrain, from the Toronto Carpet Factory, employing over two hundred hands in that big building on the Esplanade and Jarvis street. Many knowing ones will be delighted by examination of this exhibit.

The London *World*, one of the leading society papers, speaks as follows: "Lord Minto's appointment as Governor-General of Canada was a surprise, but it is a very satisfactory one. Lord and Lady Minto are well known in Canada, and their going there is very popular, though the Canadians would have liked Lord Wolseley; but they have got a very good substitute, for Lord Minto is an able man, and Lady Minto is as nice and pleasant as she is pretty, and, besides, they are about the best skaters in England, so where could they go better than to Canada?" It is in order now for the Skating Club to get its skates on, and enroll His Coming Excellency and his charming consort as patrons, *par excellence*!

A recent *Canadian Gazette* contains a smart and sensible sputter of patriotism from ex-Alderman Frankland in the shape of a well written letter touching trade relations with Great Britain. The Rose and the Thistle have already a wee bit of green in their bouquet, for the Shamrock is a tidy wee plant, but think how nice the whole lot would look in a graceful setting of Maple Leaves!

The patronesses of the West Islanders' dance were: Mrs. Arkle, Mrs. J. Tolmie Craig, Mrs. K. J. Dunstan, Mrs. W. J. M. Taylor, Mrs. Muir, Mrs. Lockhart, Mrs. Ruttan, Mrs. V. Armstrong, Mrs. Wade, Mrs. G. Ernest Macrae and Mrs. Lamont, and the committee included: Mr. Geo. Dunstan, Mr. W. H. Lamont, Mr. G. Ernest Macrae, Mr. K. J. Dunstan, Mr. Anglin, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Muir, Mr. B. R. Lockhart, Mr. H. G. Wade, Mr. J. Tolmie Craig and Mr. C. W. Armstrong, Hon. Sec. Williams admirably attended to the catering.

Miss Mary Jardine-Thomson, who is in London with her mother, is a young Canadian of whom her compatriots are proud. Miss Jardine-Thomson has sung at several large affairs this summer, and divided the honors (if getting the lion's share may so be called) at Lord Strathcona's big blow-out in July with Miss Minnie Morgan, also a Toronto girl. She is now in Scotland for a month's holiday, and her mother returns to Toronto very shortly.

Mrs. F. J. Menet and her two sons have returned from Ellsmere House, Center Island, to their home, 617 Spadina avenue.

People are returning by scores these days, and one meets vans of luggage, blazoned with tickets from all parts of the continent, and names of friends from all quarters of the city. Over the telephone come words of merry greeting from familiar voices, and hurried invitations to lunch or dine with some returning voyager whose *menage* is still in chaos.

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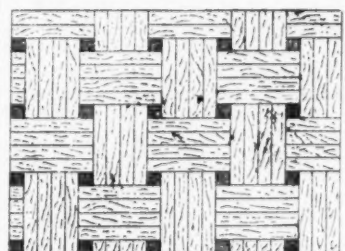
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## Social and Personal.

**A**n ideal night, luminous with full moonlight, mild and balmy air, with just enough breeze to stir it gently, and a very smart attendance in the handsome quarters of the Toronto Rowing Club, marked with great success the evening given by the West Islanders to their city and Island friends. The dancing-room, lofty, well floored and artistically decorated with the trophies and other paraphernalia of the Rowing Club, was just comfortably filled with pretty girls, bright young matrons and dancing men by the score. The music has been all it could be for the last four Island hops, and was perfect on Tuesday evening, the orchestra having returned from a lot of Muskoka dances, and seeming unusually full of snap and verve. The programme was fully long for a dance which broke up about one, and encores were rigorously tabooed, a practice devoutly to be prayed for and encouraged. A modified Island costume was *de rigueur*; some belles wore hats, some were prettily coiffed and wore vaporous muslins, white or faintly tinted. The patronesses were present in great form, and most of them enjoyed a good dance occasionally. Colonel and Miss Drewry of Kingston were much welcomed guests. Many a fair daughter of the neighboring republic was present and enjoyed the hospitality of the summer residents of West Point. Copies of the programme were posted on the walls, each one adorned with the name of a different cottage, thus giving appropriate rendezvous. One could abide a while at Far Niente, then stay half an hour at Rendezvous, and even that queer Indian name which reminds one of mosquitoes was one of the chosen points where pretty maids congregated. At the Rowing Clubhouse are the most delightful balconies, stretching at great length on the south side, and also a cosy square balcony on the north side. The bowling-room was converted into a supper-room, where many tables held dainty fare, and ice-cream was served between the dances. Some of the guests were: Mrs. Armstrong and Mrs. Arkell, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Macrae, Mr. and Mrs. Wade, Mr. Philip and Miss Ethel Palin, Mr. and Mrs. Craig, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Dunstan, Mr. George Dunstan, Miss Palmer, Mr. Frank Hodgins, Mr. Gooch, Mr. Tom Plummer, Mr. W. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Taylor, Dr. James Patterson, now of Buffalo, Mr. Ricardo Seaver, Mr. E. S. and Miss Evelyn Cox, Mrs. and Miss Jeanie Wallbridge, Mr. Small, Mr. Alex. Creelman, Mrs. W. Lamont, the Misses and Messrs. Lamont, Miss White, Mr. Archibald, the Misses Davies, Mr. Gault, Mrs. and Miss Cragg of Brooklyn, Mrs. and the Misses Garvin, Mr. Jack Alley, Dr. Small, Miss Macdonell of St. George street, Mrs. Winthrop and Miss Smith of Washington, the Misses Hedley, Mrs. Villiers Sankey, Mr. and Mrs. Logan, Miss Naomi Hope, Mr. Gerald Wade and Miss Hodgman. The promise of the committee that this dance should be the most enjoyable and perfectly managed of the summer season was a big one to keep, but everyone agreed they kept it.

Balmy Beach was given over to unlimited fun and frolic on Saturday last, when the annual garden party given by the cottagers was *en train*. A number of well known Torontonians are spending this summer at the Beach, and they all took an active and inspiring interest in the success of the affair. Judge and Mrs. Kingsmill, Mrs. Columbus Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Winstanley, Mrs. Barnett and Mrs. Hardwell were some of these. Mr. and Mrs. Lumbers, whose charming summer home is always a popular place for friends to visit, was full on Saturday, and the kind host and hostess entertained some of the city people at tea who had generously given time and trouble to provide the concert, menagerie, and other features of the evening's fun. Mr. St. Enchen, the gifted tenor from Brooklyn, sang. Mr. and Miss Burns also kindly assisted. Mr. Joseph, Mr. Collie Ross, the Messrs. Lumbers, and others were responsible for a splendid programme, full of fun and interest. When night fell, a perfect moonlight silvered the beautiful lake, and myriads of Chinese lanterns glowed between the straight young oaks of the pretty grove, strung the shaded avenue from King street to the Beach, and peeped under the verandas of the cottages. It was a charming sight and only to be enjoyed when everyone did their best in decorating and lighting such a large area. The cottagers, with the gallant bachelors in the van, certainly did nobly, and the result was immense. At 9 o'clock Mr. Lumbers' mammoth bonfire on the beach was lighted. There are bonfires and bonfires, but this was the creation of a knowing hand. During the afternoon it stood forty feet high, a perfect cone, wreathed with trailing garlands of green, but when the match was flashed into its cunningly hidden combustibles the ruddy flames leaped and glared, as if evoked by magic. Cries of delight burst from old and young, and the last touch was given to the picturesque scene. The Q.O.R. band played their usual excellent selections, the menagerie paraded, amidst shrieks of laughter, the various tables raked in the shekels, gales of mirth were heard on every side, and the visitors were loth to leave, even to catch the last car. What might have been a very serious accident occurred at the entrance to Beach avenue and King street, when a young girl lost control of her bicycle and came dashing down Beach avenue just as a car rushed past. A fall and a very much shaken cyclist was the result, the young girl being for some time unable to tell who she was, and her friends having turned east down the road, unaware of her plight. However, many kind persons looked after her until she was better and her companions missed her and returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Lee and family have returned to town from Summerlee,

Lee avenue, where, as usual, they spent the summer. Mrs. Lee has been quite ill, as her friends have been grieved to learn, but is now getting strong again.

The marriage of Miss Lottie Taylor and Mr. Ross Gooderham is one of this month's events. Mr. Gooderham, sr., is building a very fine house in St. George street for his son and his sweet young bride.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones and Miss Melvin-Jones sailed this week by the Vancouver for Canada. They will be home about this day week it is hoped.

Miss Anna Dockridge of Napanee, having for the past five years been stationed at the Rochester City Hospital, volunteered, and, being accepted, left last Friday via Detroit for the Sternberg Hospital, Chickamauga, Georgia. Miss Dockridge has all the necessary qualifications that make a successful nurse, and it is to be hoped that her mission in the South will bring relief to the suffering soldiers and be an experience that will have no fatal results.

Mr. and Mrs. Burnett have returned from their wedding tour and Mrs. Burnett, (nee Ferguson), will hold her nuptial receptions at her home, 81 Home-wood avenue, on September 6 and 7, next Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. W. McC. Warden and her small son, of Madison avenue, have returned from a summer in Muskoka. Mrs. Warden took a cottage in the lovely summer country for the season.

Mrs. Moore and Mr. Ellwood Moore, of Oak Lawn, have returned from a tour in the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gooderham and family have returned home, as has also Mrs. George Harvey of Sherbourne street.

Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham of Maplecroft returned last week from the seaside. The Misses Gooderham and Mr. Ed. Gooderham got home on Tuesday, having stopped over in Quebec for a pleasant little stay at Chateau Frontenac.

Mrs. Charles Stuart and her daughter, Mrs. Albert Grant, gave a very pleasant reception last Saturday at Ballintraum, Mrs. Stuart's home on Cobourg road. Over one hundred friends assembled to greet Mr. and Mrs. Grant, who have recently returned from England. Quite a number of Toronto people went down for the event, and Webb served very elegant refreshments in the grounds during the fete.

The marriage of Miss Berta M. Bruce, daughter of Major John Bruce of the Royal Grenadiers, and Mr. G. C. T. Pemberton, lately removed from Toronto to Hamilton, is arranged to take place in St. James Square Presbyterian church on September 13. Rev. Louis Jordan will perform the ceremony. Mr. Duncan Cassels will be best man and little Miss Muriel Bruce will attend her sister as bridesmaid. The wedding will be extremely quiet, the fair bride-elect having chosen to be married in her traveling-dress, and only the relatives of the contracting parties will be present. Toronto will, I am sorry to say, have to lose the bride from her accustomed place in society, as she will set up her household gods in Hamilton. Mrs. Bruce has arranged an afternoon tea for Friday of next week, September 9, in order that the many friends of the bride-elect may have an opportunity of bidding her good-bye before her marriage.

Mrs. James Mallon (nee Sullivan) will hold her post-nuptial reception on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, September 20 and 21.

Miss Bessie Lase of Wellington place left Wednesday evening for New York, where she intends studying nursing in St. Luke's Hospital.

Miss Lottie Evelyn Griffin of New Minas, N.S., and Mr. Fred Margrave Baker were married on Saturday, August 20, at the Baptist church, New Minas. Mr. and Mrs. Baker will be at home on the first, second and third Mondays in September at 15 Rose avenue, where they will visit Mr. Baker's relatives.

The following are registered at the Peninsular Park Hotel, Big Bay Point, Lake Simcoe: Mrs. and Mrs. H. Peterson, Mrs. W. J. Gage, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Cragg, Mr. A. D. W. Leach, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Kenny, Miss Kenny, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Spotton, Miss Spotton, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Hilton and family, Miss Kathleen Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wilson, Mr. S. D. Stinson of Toronto; Mrs. H. H. Kennedy, Miss Anna R. Kennedy, Miss E. M. Rawlings, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. J. J. Curtis, Miss Curtis, Miss B. F. Curtis of New York City; Mr. E. F. Clarke of Hamilton; Mrs. M. Scott of Keenansville; Miss Morrow of Tottenham; Mr. A. H. Cragg, of Brooklyn, N.Y.; Rev. Dr. McDonald of Seaford; Mr. Leighton McCarthy of Barrie; Mr. John R. Kerr of Chicago.

Mrs. Marjion Trotter of Galt has been the guest of her cousin, Miss May Dickenson, for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Jack Lang of Oak street is visiting her niece, Mrs. C. E. Dewey, Queen street, Hamilton.

One afternoon last week Mrs. Le Grand Reed entertained a few friends at tea in honor of her charming sister, who has been on a visit with her, and who, I am told, bids adieu to Toronto next week.

Mrs. Macdougall of Carlton Lodge, and her family, will be home next week, after a delightful summer at Governor's Island, Muskoka.

Mr. Fred Logan has been removed to Hamilton, where he will doubtless be as popular as he was in Toronto, both in banking and social circles.

Two very pretty brides were at the opening of the Exhibition, Mrs. Signum

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Samuel, nee Mandelson, of London, England, who reached Toronto last week, and Mrs. Fred Baker, nee Griffin, of St. Minas, Nova Scotia. Both were much admired.

Mr. Walter Denison, son of Mr. Clarence Denison, will return to Kingston Military College this month. He has quite recovered from his long and serious illness.

The marriage of Dr. Theodore Coleman of College street, and Mrs. Blake Watkins of Toronto, who as "Kit" is so well known a personage in America, took place

very quietly in Washington on Thursday of last week. Mrs. Coleman has bravely faced a very trying summer as war correspondent in Cuba, and has happily returned suffering only from the fatigue natural after such an unusual experience. Good wishes follow her in her new life, and kindest congratulations to her and her clever and well liked young husband.

I regret that I was misinformed regarding the presentation of prizes and the date of the dance at the I. A. A. hall last week. Someone, for whom very worthy committeemen are anxious to find a name, circulated a report that the Friday dance would take place on Saturday, and that it would be the final dance of the season, with a presentation of prizes for the regatta of Saturday week. The report was inserted also in these columns, but fortunately enquires set the matter right for the young folks who so enjoy these jolly hops. Two more dances were due to them and two more were to be given. The prize presentation was arranged for September 2, and an account will be given thereof next week.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth and family will return in a few days from Baie des Chaleurs, where they have been summering. Mr. Forsyth will at once resume his classes at his studio, 112 College street.

## Society at the Capital.

CARDS have been sent out by Mrs. W. F. Powell of Edgewood, New Edinburgh, for the marriage of her daughter, Edith, to Mr. F. Merritt of the Bank of Montreal. The ceremony is to be performed in St. Bartholomew's church on Tuesday, September 6, at 4.30. A reception will afterwards be held at Mrs. Powell's residence.

Mr. P. MacCarthy of Toronto is in town on a visit to his father, Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy, the well known sculptor.

Hon. Dudley Gordon and his younger brother sail for school from Quebec on September 6.

Mrs. Berkeley Powell, wife of Mr. Berkeley Powell, M.P.P., got back to town this week from Alexandria Bay, where she spent the summer.

Mrs. Pennington Macpherson was the hostess at a bright little tea on Friday afternoon, given in honor of her guests, Miss Taylor of Kingston and Mrs. Goddard of Montreal. Those present among others were: The Misses Griffin, Miss Lindsay, Miss Richardson, Miss Powell, the Misses Ritchie, Mr. Tasker, Mr. Cartwright, Mr. F. Powell, Mr. Pugsley and Mr. O'Hara.

Mr. John Francis Waters, whose clever lectures at Trinity College, Toronto, last winter proved so enjoyable, left on Wednesday for the Catholic Summer School on Lake Champlain, where he is to contribute to the intellectual entertainment.

Mr. Justice Burbridge, Mrs. Burbridge and family, who have spent the summer in camp up the Gatineau, returned to town last week.

Miss G. Sparks and Miss Sweetland of Kilmingham place, who have spent the last six months abroad, arrived in Ottawa on Saturday evening. Miss Sparks will not return for a month or so yet, she being at present with a party of friends who are touring through Norway.

On the Parisian, which sailed for home on Thursday, are a number of Ottawans, including: Sir James Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Grant, Miss Gwen Grant, Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott, Miss Davis and Miss Baskerville. Miss Gwen Grant has spent the past year at school in England and is to make her *debut* this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sparks returned to town on Wednesday from Fernbank on the St. Lawrence, where they spent the summer.

After a pleasant trip to Europe, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Elliott arrived home on Tuesday of last week.

While the Quebec Conference is in progress Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier will occupy the handsome apartments of the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly.

Ottawa had a very distinguished visitor in town last week in Gen. W. H. Jackson of Nashville, Tenn., a Civil War hero, who, with his daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Marks, is visiting Canada. During their stay in town they were the guests of Mr. W. C. Edwards, M.P., of Rockland.

Miss Laura Smith of Daly street, who has spent the last three months in Europe, got home again on Wednesday.

Major-General and Mrs. Hutton moved into Rideau Cottage on Friday, which had been immediately placed at their disposal by His Excellency with characteristic courtesy. Rideau Cottage is about a quarter of a mile to the rear of Government House. It is built in a somewhat colonial style, with a wide veranda, and possesses a very bright and attractive interior. During Lord Aberdeen's tenure of office the occupants of Rideau Cottage have been Mr. Gordon of Eilon, Captain Sinclair, M.P., and Major Denison, A.D.C., of Toronto. While touring in Canada last year Lord and Lady Breadalbane also stayed there a few days.

The Toronto contingent in town this week for the D.R.A. meet consists, among others, of Lieut.-Col. Delamere, Queen's Own Rifles, who is to act as Chief Range Officer; Major Bruce of the Royal Grenadiers, and Captain A. T. Kirkpatrick of the Q.O.R.

Lieut.-General Laurie of London, Eng., is in town, staying at the Russell. Ottawa, Aug. 30, '98.

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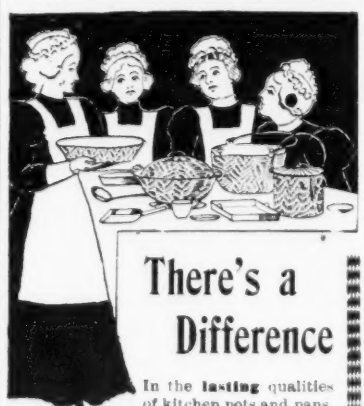
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## A MIDNIGHT CHARGE.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.  
BY WALTER WOOD.

THE King's Own Lancers were on board the Jumna, homeward bound from the East. India was far down on the horizon, a gentle breeze was blowing, the sea was in its calmest mood, and there was harmony even in the ladies' cabin. When the Jumna sailed there were angry bickerings between the tenants of the little den as to who should have the one spare peg, and the bickerings lasted until a wrathful appeal was made to the captain. "The peg is distinctly mine," said the colonel's lady, "as the wife of the senior officer." "I got it first," snapped the major's wife, "and I shall keep it." "I think rank should count in a case like this," said a captain's wife haughtily. She was the only daughter of the first Lord Bradly, a successful man of business with a long invented pedigree, and the other ladies were mere commoners. "Appeal to the captain, and let him settle it," suggested the wife of a subaltern, who had nothing to lose in the matter.

The captain was appealed to and gave the answer that he always gave to the same question. He smiled serenely upon the ladies, and said, "Seniores priores." "Then it will be Mrs. Beecham's," said the colonel's lady, and she swept out of the captain's cabin. Mrs. Beecham, who wished the captain had spoken in English, warily resolved to let the peg alone; the Hon. Mrs. Triumphant, fearful of being thought old, said she would not have the peg on any terms; and the subaltern's wife, courageous in her youth, took triumphant possession of it.

"Oh, Baldy!" she exclaimed to her husband, Lieutenant Archibald M'Laren, when she had crammed the peg with garments, to the mortification of her speechless companions. "I've scored over all the old women in our cabin, and that upstart of a shoddy baron's daughter."

She told him how it had come about, and he laughed delightedly. "It'll be something to tell them at home as a reminiscence of our military life," he said. "I shall send in my papers as soon as we get back to England, and then farewell to the army."

"And welcome to the life of a country gentleman," said the subaltern's wife. "Oh, how I hate soldiering and everything concerning war. Talk of the glory of the soldier's life! Where does it come in?"

"Don't know," said M'Laren, "it never came my way. But, thank God, we've seen the tail-end of the business. In one short month we shall be quit of it all, and settling in our little place in Nidderdale. Then we can have a glorious time. Let others see to the affairs of state; we'll be satisfied to look after our family, eh, Nina?"

M'Laren laughed hilariously, and laughed all the more when his wife colored and left him, feigning indignation, which she was far from feeling.

M'Laren and his bride built many castles in the air as the trooper steamed towards England, and time expired men told one another of the things they would do when they were home again. One or two sick men died before the Arabian sea was crossed, and their places knew them no more, but the sorrow of their loss was past and many were forgotten when the Jumna sighted Aden.

A launch skimmed over the waters and intercepted her, and a tall, grave man stepped on board and went below with the colonel. The conference was short, but the visitor was hardly over the side again when the nature of his mission was known. The King's Own Lancers were ordered to the front in Egypt.

There were many bitter partings, but the bitterest of all was that of M'Laren and his wife. She shed no tears and made no sound of grief, but her husband knew how near her heart was to breaking.

"You will come again," she whispered, "and I shall wait for you at home." Long years before she had heard her mother say the same thing to her father as he went to the wars, and the mother was waiting still.

"I will come again," M'Laren whispered in return, "God and the enemy sparing me."

The subaltern stepped blindly over the side for the transhipment. He watched the Jumna steam away, and gazed yearningly long after her hull had disappeared, and when only a little cloud of smoke marked the course she had taken. Then he went below and abandoned himself to his grief.

M'Laren was lying with his arms on the table and his head upon them, when he heard a low, unpleasant voice near him. He rose slowly and confronted Bradda, the senior subaltern.

"The joys of marriage, it seems, have sorrows pretty freely mixed with them," said Bradda.

M'Laren made no answer, though he had that within him which made him long to seize the man before him and dash him to the floor. But he kept his anger down, and pointed to the door.

"Want me to leave?" sneered Bradda. "I dare say—you don't want to be seen crying, and by me of all men!"

M'Laren choked his anger down again and pointed once more to the door.

"I won't go, so that's flat," said Bradda. "I'm here to gloat over your grief, just as you gloated over mine when you stole Nina Vannin from me."

"Stole her, stole my wife—from you!" exclaimed M'Laren with a harsh laugh. "Why, she detested the very sight of you."

"Ay, that was when you came between us with your fair words and your boy's face. But for you she would now have

been my wife," said the senior subaltern bitterly.

"Bradda," said M'Laren solemnly, "I ask, for your sake, as well as mine, to go away. If you stay here and talk like that I cannot tell what I may do to you."

"Boy," said Bradda, senseless in his rage at the threat, "cry-baby, you talk like a fool when you talk like that. Take care I don't break you on the spot, as I'd break the two of you for what you've done to me. Cry! cry!" he went on mockingly. "Who are you crying for? For a woman who's laughing at you in her sleeve, and fooling with any man on board that she can get to speak to her—not to say anything worse."

M'Laren did not pause to think. If the senior subaltern had been the head of the army he would have done what he did now. The picture of his wife as he knew she was at that very moment, prostrate with grief, rose up in his mind, and caring nothing for what might follow his action he sprang towards Bradda and knocked him down.

The senior subaltern rose slowly to his feet, and steadied himself by putting a hand on the table. He looked straight into M'Laren's face, with the blood trickling down his own, and said deliberately, "You have struck a superior officer while on active service, and you know what the end of that should be."

"I have struck you like a dog," said M'Laren with flashing eyes, "for an insult to my wife; and I'll strike you like a dog again if you dare to repeat it. You'll carry the mark of my fist down into Egypt with you, and when men ask you how you came by it you may tell them the truth."

"I shall carry it down into Egypt with me, that's true," said Bradda, deliberately still. "But I'll put a mark on you for this that you'll carry with you to the grave. Remember that."

The senior subaltern wiped his forehead and bathed a discolored eye with cold water. He remained below until darkness set in, when he joined his fellows on deck and told them that he had been knocked against a port-hole by a lurch of the vessel and had damaged his features rather badly.

"I don't know where the lurch came in," said Captain Paule, "for there hasn't been the shadow of a ripple on the water since sunrise."

Bradda scowled and left his laughing comrades. "That's just the sort of yarn to come from a man who's shown the white feather more than once, to my certain knowledge," whispered Paule to his closest friend, Captain Day. "I wonder how he really got the black eye."

"Sh!" replied Day, in a shocked whisper, "the 'white feather' and 'black eye' are expressions one must never use in relation to one of Ours."

"I never could and never will regard Bradda as really one of Ours," said Paule, "or I shouldn't have said what I said just now. In some queer way or other he'll bring discredit on the King's Own, see if he doesn't."

The Jumna lumbered through the Mediterranean and over the Bay of Biscay, and when the English coast grew clear above the horizon past sufferings were by many forgotten in anticipation of the joys of home.

"My child," said the colonel's wife to Nina, as they prepared to disembark, "your husband will return and you will live together in Nidderdale. Remember, he's only gone to a little war, and they're not very destructive."

"Someone is always left behind," said Nina.

"The colonel has been through half a dozen, and hasn't got a scratch yet," said Mrs. Shepherd. She spoke bravely, but her voice trembled and the tears came into her eyes. Her own heart was with the king's in Egypt and she was suffering also. "Come, dear, cheer up, and hope for the best," she said, putting her arm around Nina's waist. "Your husband will come again."

"You are very good," said Nina, raising her pale face to that of the woman who was now her friend; "and you are kinder than I thought you were when we all wanted the spare peg."

The shadow of a smile flitted across the young wife's face, and her friend bent over and kissed her.

"You must stay with me till that miserable trouble in Egypt is over," said Mrs. Shepherd. "Now don't say no, for I won't hear of a refusal. You just come and stay with me, if you care to tell an old woman what your baby is to be called and what it is to do in the world. You know mothers always arrange these things in advance."

"If I may come," said Nina gratefully. "I will, for mother is abroad at present, and I have no other friends."

And so Nina went up to town with Mrs. Shepherd, and they both waited for news of their soldier husbands from the war.

One night, when the King's Own Lancers had gone down into Egypt, the colonel's wife, giving way to the spirit of melancholy that filled her, took up a song in manuscript and sang it softly, accompanying herself on the piano. She had sung it many times before, and the words had come true. Might it not be so once more?

She sang:

"My love will come again  
From that far distant land;  
I still shall see his face,  
And by his side shall stand.

As the night gives place to the morning sun,  
He will come again when the war is done."

"God grant he may," said Nina, who had stolen quietly into the room. She was

thinking still only of her own husband. "Amen, child," said Mrs. Shepherd gently. "And now let us look out of the window again and I will show you where Egypt lies. See, my husband and your husband are looking at just the same moon as that. It may be childish and fit only for an old woman, but I've found comfort many a time in that little fancy."

On that same night the King's Own Lancers formed in battle array in Egypt. Scudding clouds veiled the light of the moon and made it fitful, but it was enough for the purpose that the officer commanding had in mind—a swift and overwhelming charge on the neighboring camp of the enemy, to scatter his gathering forces to the winds. He drew up his regiment in the shadow of a hill, and men and horses stood like phantoms waiting for the ring of the trumpet. Not a sound was heard. Men, when they spoke at all, spoke in whispers; and no gleam of steel was seen. Lances had been discarded, for only the sabre was to be used. Trusted scouts had worked around the hill to reconnoitre the camp, and the King's Own waited feverishly for their return. A mare neighed suddenly. Her rider growled in a low voice, and bade her keep silence. The colonel's blood ran cold as she neighed again, lest the sound should make their presence known to the enemy. He gave a command in a whisper, and it was passed through the ranks. "If a horse makes that noise again," he said, "cut its throat on the spot."

The mare was ridden by a troop sergeant-major, who would as readily have taken his own life as hers. He leaned over and patted her neck, and whispered caressingly, "Keep still, for God's sake, and the sake of your gullet, Bess, or you'll never neigh more. Though before I'd cut your throat, I'd charge the black devils myself, and die along of you."

The troop sergeant-major and his mare were close friends, and she understood and respected his wishes. Possibly she had a means of her own of knowing what the colonel had said; at any rate she did not drive him too far, and she kept silent, and blinked lazily at the moon.

The colonel's command had been heard by a youthful trooper of the name of Green, who rode on the sergeant-major's right, and who trembled in his saddle with an overwhelming fear.

"If I could see my way out of this," said Green in an audible whisper to a comrade of the name of Kelly, "I do believe I'd bolt neck and crop."

The sergeant-major heard him and said to the trooper in a low voice, "Ye scum of an east-end gutter, sit straight in your saddle, or I'll cleave ye to the shoulder when we charge."

Green's teeth ceased to chatter, and his hands stopped trembling as he gripped the bridle more tightly. His personal valor might be called in question, and he would say nothing; but to suggest that he was of such base origin was more than he could endure, and forgetting both where he was and to whom he spoke, he said, "Scum of the gutter yourself; I'm better born than you are. Speak like that to me again, and by—"

Kelly pinched him on the thigh before he ended the sentence and whispered, "Remember what you're saying, and who you're saying it to. You can be shot for talking like that to your superior officer."

"Shot or hanged, I don't care," said Green hotly. "What right has any man in this regiment to speak to me in that way?"

"I've the right to do it," said the sergeant-major. "When a duffer shows the white feather, it's the duty of the men of his troop, for the sake of the honor they all love, to stop him, and fetch him to his senses before he brings 'em into disgrace. That's what I want to do with you; I don't want you to turn an' hook it from a parcel of Egyptians, an' I'm goin' to see you don't do it. Bah! They aren't worth powder. What can they do? Now, youngster, you're all right. I can feel that your hands are as steady as a rock. That shows you've got the pluck of a soldier in you. You've me to thank for getting in you to recollect yourself an' the honor of the troop. Here, take a pull o' that."

The sergeant-major slung his water-bottle around and placed it in Green's hand. "It's a drop of the finest mountain dew I've kept for such a case as this. Just have a sip, an' don't jump out of your skin at the whistle o' the bullets over you. They're rather pleasant music, an' as for danger they're not much worse than peas from a pea-shooter."

By this time the King's Own had been discovered by a party of the enemy, who had opened a smart fire. Not a shot was fired in return, for the colonel had determined that the whole of his work should be done with cold steel. The bullets whistled overhead and plumped into the hill in the rear of the regiment. There was no longer any reason for concealment; their presence was known and the severity of the order which had been given as to rigid silence was relaxed. Men began to speak in louder tones, and there were at times wild laughs from youthful troopers whose excitement was too great to be suppressed.

Green laughed the wildest of all. He snatched the water-bottle which the sergeant-major offered, and put it to his lips. As he raised it the sergeant-major tumbled heavily against him. The trooper heard a groan, and the sergeant-major fell from the saddle to the ground, shot through the head.

Green shuddered, and moved as far from the empty saddle as he could get.

"Keep your place," said Kelly, "and catch the bridle of the major's horse, or he'll bolt and scarce the regiment to hell. Keep still," he added, giving a vicious tug at his own bridle, "or I'll dig the spurs so deep into your ribs that you'll think you're propped up by bayonets."

So that he might blot from his mind the casualty to the sergeant-major, Green moved his own horse a little nearer to Kelly. As he moved, the animal trod on some yielding substance. Green shuddered again and whispered to his comrade,

"I wish to God they'd give us something to do instead of keeping us here to be potted at like targets. My horse has trodden on the sergeant-major."

"It'll be better for him if he's dead, then," said Kelly, "especially when we begin to move. I hope, if I'm bowled over, that I shall be done for in the saddle straight off. I don't want it to be half and half, a ball in the leg or body, and then a few score of iron shoes spattering my brains all over the show. The sergeant-major's a lucky man if he only knew it. He's out of harm's way now, and that's more than either you or me can say."

"If I go down," whispered Green falteringly, "will you do me a favor, Kelly?"

"What is it?" asked his comrade.

"Stick your sword into me so that it'll soon be over," said Green.

Kelly laughed. "The sooner 'tis over the sooner to sleep," he quoted. "But there'll be no sticking by me, at any rate—except of the Egyptians. You may go down, but hang it, man, you may come up again. I've been down in a charge before now, but I've come out of the business all right, and I believe I should do the same again, even here."

"But it wasn't a charge on a battlefield," said Green.

"No," said Kelly, "it was a sight worse, for we'd such a thick-skulled lot of men in the regiment then, and they were so much better fitted to ride a gateway than a horse, that I think I shall fare better here than I did at home."

Green was unconvinced. He was an unnerfed man, and an unnerfed man is a demoralized creature who is better off the field of battle than on it. He was in everyday life a very temperate man, unused to alcoholic drink of any sort, and as a consequence the special Scottish whisky from the water-bottle of the sergeant-major was acting powerfully, and Dutch courage was forming rapidly within him.

"Hang it, Kelly," he said suddenly, after a somewhat long pause, "I believe I've got the making of a brave man in me after all." He thrust his chest out as he spoke and sat erect and firm in his saddle.

Kelly was surprised, but, as he would rather have a bold man by his side than a coward, he did not show his astonishment; on the contrary, he encouraged Green in the belief that he was a very bold man indeed. "I should certainly say," he said, "that after this night's work you'll have to be called the Lion, and bid good-bye to the nickname of Chicken."

"They call me Chicken only because I came from a farm," said Green. "It wasn't because I was ever afraid of anything."

"I'm sure it wasn't," said Kelly.

"Because I wasn't," said Green stoutly. "I never feared either man or devil, and I'm not going to begin now. You'll never see me show the white feather. I've killed a sheep before to-day."

Kelly stared at his comrade in the uncertain light. "Killed a sheep, killed a sheep," he repeated. "What the devil is there brave in that?"

"Ah," said Green, whose brain was muddled. "Ah, you meyn't know it—you're a man from a manufacturing town, and only know about looms and machinery and such like. They're nothing; anybody can look after them—even the biggest duffer that walks the earth. But to kill a sheep needs courage—thundering good courage, I can tell you. I've known many a big butcher who couldn't do it. It's the way they look you in the eyes when you raise the knife. For that matter, I can stand the looks of the sergeant-major's eyes. I can see them down there, near the feet of his mare. She's looking down at him, and wondering what it all means. Lean over a bit this way, and you'll see what I mean. What! You daren't? You turn away from a dead man, and yet a minute since you were taunting me for being afraid of live ones. I wonder if I could pick the major's bottle up with my sword. Nobody could see me, and I should like another pull at the stuff. It puts new life into me."

"Stop your internal gabble, you duffer, and sit straight up in your saddle," said Kelly angrily. "You'll be as drunk as a pig if you touch anything more. You're bad enough as it is. Remember where you are and what you are going to do."

"That's just what I don't want to remember—it isn't pleasant," answered Green. "I'll jump down and pick the bottle up, and we'll go share and share alike with the whisky. You take my bridle for a second."

"Sit still, you fool," exclaimed Kelly; "and if you've got any real courage in you keep it for the charge. Look out, the order's coming!"

The scouts had come back, and the trumpet rang on the still night. The sharp, wild notes re-echoed over hill and dale, and many a man whose spirit was at a low ebb felt it rise again as he heard them.

Before the trumpet sound had died away the squadrons were leaping forward with one mighty convulsive jerk, and the veriest milkop in the ranks, as he felt his horse tear at the bit, knew that for once in his life at any rate he was a part of infinite importance in a fighting machine of vast power. The exhilaration of the charge was in every man's veins, and the shouts of the King's Own Lancers mingled with the thud of the hoofs as they made heavy rhythmic music on the plain, and with the clank and saw of the sabres as they were whipped from the scabbards.

The King's Own swept on like an avalanche, and before the heavy swords the Egyptians who had ventured from the fastness of the camp went down like corn before the reaper. Green himself, mad with the din of battle and the mountain dew, dug his rowels into his horse's side and leapt forward, fearing nothing and seeing nothing but a world of blood. He wheeled around the base of the hill to the camp, and was the first to goad his horse into the blaze of fire and hedge of steel of the defence. A tall man, whose white tunic showed spectrally in the moonlight and the battle-light, marked the trooper for his own, and as the fiery breath of the horse belched on his cheek he lunged desperately with his

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bayonet and pierced the trooper's side. For the moment Green did not feel the wound, and as he passed the Egyptian he whirled his sword around and cut the dark, lithe figure almost into halves. "It's like slicing lemons at a tournament," he shouted in his frenzy, but he could not hear his own voice. He spurred into the very heart of the camp, then suddenly put his hand to his crushing side. His feet were already out of the stirrups, the bridle fell from his weakened hands, and his sword dropped to the ground. His horse took a leap at a gun that was being limbered up in frantic haste. An artilleryman ripped him as he rose, and Green and his mount fell together as the weapon was hurled off the spot.

Badly as he was hurt, the trooper had still his senses, and he watched the rest of the fight with a strange curiosity. He noticed every detail, and saw that he had been first to break the enemy's lines. The squadrons of his comrades were thundering up before the hail of musketry and shot and shell. The blaze of the powder danced on the flashing swords of the King's Own and illumined the eyes of the horses so that they looked like little rolling balls of fire. The light of battle was over all, and the lust of blood was in every heart. Horses and men went down, but the regiment swept on and charged like men gone mad at the ragged hedge of bayonets. The momentum of the squadrons carried all before it, and the rows of bayonets melted away as the ruddy swords were thrust ahead and slashed about. Green's comrades rode past him like an angry storm, and he heard their shouts of triumph mingle with the shrieks of terror of the routed foe. He heard the sounds grow fainter, and they were but a confused murmur when his senses left him.

The trooper came back to consciousness as dawn was breaking. An overpowering thirst was upon him. He tried to cry aloud for water, but his tongue failed him. He heard voices and opened his eyes. Bradda and M'Laren were halted near him and M'Laren had stopped in the act of binding up a flesh wound on his arm. Bradda had just ridden up, and M'Laren, in his joy at the success of the combat and his conviction that the war was ended and that he would soon be with his wife, even forgot that he and the senior were personal enemies.

"Hallo, Bradda," he said heartily; "is it you? This is a glorious night's work, isn't it? It'll end the war. I wouldn't have missed it for the world. What a charge to talk about in the days to come!"

"Step your cackling!" said Bradda fiercely. "It wasn't to hear that that I came back to see you."

M'Laren ceased his bandaging and looked with astonishment into Bradda's face. He saw it was livid. "What on earth's the matter with you?" he said.

"Not six weeks since," answered Bradda, "you struck me like a dog, and I told you I would remember it against you."

"Bradda," said M'Laren, "I've been sorry ever since for that blow, and I'm sorry now. Will you forgive me for it? I was mad with grief when I struck, and didn't know what I was doing."

The junior held up his hand, appealing, but Bradda savagely struck it away from him. "Take the hand that dealt me such a blow as yours, and all because of your pulling apology!" he said. "I'd wrench my arm out of its socket first. I told you I would repay you for the mark you made

then. I told you you would carry my mark down to the grave with you, and by God you will!"

He drew his revolver and presented it at M'Laren.

"Why?" cried the junior, "you wouldn't commit murder, would you? Think, Bradda, I implore you, think of what you are doing."

Bradda laughed scornfully. "Think! As if I hadn't thought of it enough. There's been no other thought in my mind

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### The New York Musician who will Play Bell Pianos at the Exhibition now at the Queen's.

Mr. T. W. Eckert of New York, whom the Bell Piano Company have engaged to play Bell Pianos at the Exhibition next week, arrived in the city on Wednesday, and is registered at the "Queen's." Mr. Eckert is a master musician, and his remarkable skill in playing the wonderful orchestral attachment which is fitted only to "Bell" Pianos, can be witnessed by the public, without any charge, at the firm's exhibit in the musical pavilion. Mr. Eckert shows how easily sixteen different instruments, such as the harp, mandolin, banjo, clavichord, zither, bagpipes, &c., can be imitated with wonderful exactness on "Bell" Pianos.

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since you struck me your dastardly blow. There's my mark!"

He fired, and M'Laren reeled from his saddle to the ground, and the startled charger dashed away.

The senior subaltern had taken his revenge, and he turned to rejoin his regiment, already wondering how he should explain his absence. "I'll tell them the brute made off with me in the charge," he said, and he began to pick his way over the dead and dying. "I suppose I did it first time," he muttered, and he turned to look at M'Laren. The junior was lying there very still, and Bradda saw a tiny scarlet mark on the temple. He shuddered convulsively, in spite of himself, and gave his horse the bridle.

When Green saw what was happening, he forgot even his thirst, and when he saw Bradda's revolver presented he tried once more to speak and to say, "Don't." But again his tongue failed him, and he saw M'Laren fall, and Bradda prepare to ride off. The senior subaltern's back was turned towards him, and the agony of mind caused by the thought that he would escape without punishment for his crime was keener than the pain of his wound. Green looked eagerly around, and crawled towards a rifle which was in the hands of a dead Egyptian and which was still loaded. He raised the weapon and fired his last shot as a trooper of the King's Own. "I have done one good thing in my life, at any rate," he murmured, and with that he died.

Bradda fell to the ground as M'Laren had fallen, save that he lay face downward. His charger was startled by the shot, but by this time he was used to the crack of the rifle, and made no attempt to run away.

When the wounded were being collected, Bradda's charger was still nibbling quietly near his master's body. The soft dawn was in the sky, and Paule and Day were walking over the battlefield.

Paule saw Bradda's charger, and the two hurried up to it. "There's poor M'Laren shot through the temple—God help his wife," said Paule.

"And there's Bradda, dead also," said Day. "Two officers killed and four wounded won't sound bad in the report of a small affair like this, will it? It'll all be to the honor of the regiment."

"Look here," said Paule, bending curiously over Bradda. "His death wound is in the back. You'll remember what I said some time ago about him?"

Day looked thoughtfully at the body before replying slowly. "When one of Ours is found like that there's no room left to talk about the honor of the regiment."

[THE END.]

#### Could Not Dress Alone.

A Nova Scotia Farmer Tells of His Intense Suffering From Rheumatism and How He Found Relief.

From the Bridgewater, N.S., Enterprise.

Such suffering as rheumatism causes the victim upon whom it fastens itself is almost unendurable. Only those who writhe under the pangs can imagine the joy of one who has been freed from its terrors. Mr. J. W. Folkenham of New Elm, N.S., is one of those who have been released from pain, and who believes it his duty to let others know how a cure can be found. Mr. Folkenham is a farmer, and like all who follow this arduous but honorable calling, is subject to much exposure. It was this exposure that brought on his trouble and caused him so much suffering before he was rid of it. He says:—"In the spring of 1897 I contracted rheumatism. Throughout the whole summer I suffered from it, and about the first of October it became so bad that I could not get out of the house. The pains were located in my hip and back, and what I suffered can hardly be expressed. I became so helpless I could not dress myself without aid. Eventually the trouble spread to my hand and arms, and at times these would lose all feeling and become useless. In November I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking four boxes began to improve. After using six boxes the pains and soreness had all gone and I was able to do a hard day's work. I intend using a few more boxes as a precautionary measure, and I would earnestly advise those suffering from this painful trouble to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and be made well."

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Not Bicycling, but Golf.  
Chicago Post.

The fashionable physician was going away for a week or so, and his less fashionable professional brother had agreed to look after his practice during that time.

"I suppose," said the one whose practice had been among the more lowly, "that where there is really nothing wrong, and there are indications that something is expected of me, I will be perfectly safe in prescribing a little bicycle exercise?"

"Oh, dear, no," replied the other. "That's not at all the correct thing now. The bicycle is getting so common, you know, I find it necessary now to advise my fashionable patients to give up the bicycle and devote themselves to golf."

#### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

#### Social Tyrannies of To-Day.

No. 2.—St. James's Budget.

WE HAVE heard that in Ireland invitations to a certain popular form of entertainment take the form of "Mr. Matthew Hannigan's corpse at home, 9.12 p.m. Music." But in the common parlance of London society the "At Home" means an ordinary nondescript evening party, familiarly known as a "Crush." Of all forms of gaiety it is surely about the strangest ever devised. For although everybody "in society" is continually going to these things, one rarely meets anyone who does not speak of them as an intolerable nuisance, and there is inherent probability that these protestations are not insincere. Envidious would be the light-hearted capacity for enjoyment of the grown man or woman who could extract pleasure from a London "Crush." The young debutante, eager for fun and aglow with anticipation of the delights of a gay season, may, naturally enough, enjoy the mere novelty even of these stupid and ponderous functions. But disillusion is not far behind; and the social tyranny that presses pleasure into distorted shapes, thereby transforming it into hopeless weariness of flesh and spirit, is largely responsible for whatever of truth there is in the cynicism that sneers at these boys and sated spinsters in their second season.

A big At Home is, of course, a very costly business. Money is not spared; but the London host cannot rid himself apparently of the strange delusion that a mob of panting strangers jostling each other on his staircase, struggling into his reception-rooms, tearing each other's dresses, and elbowing their way painfully step by step, will be sufficiently recompensed by an exhibition of his bank-book.

It is, in fact, the scale of expense and numbers which the At Home now involves that, more than anything else, has destroyed all pretense of its being a pleasurable social gathering, and the necessity that dictates this scale is a social tyranny which only Revolution could depose. For "society" is a battlefield—or, rather, it is like the Concert of Europe, where all are friends, but each must exhibit an equipment that overtops his neighbors, and whoever reduces his armament does so at his peril. Everyone "in society" has such a host of acquaintances, each of whom expects to receive a card for an At Home, that a hostess is compelled to invite ten times as many people as her house can provide with standing-room or air to breathe. No one ever dreams that to the host and hostess their party is anything but worry and weariness. So they naturally give as few of them as possible. It is a mere matter of social duty. They must do what others do, and, if possible, do it better. They have a great many civilities and hospitalities to return, and the more they can wipe off at once the better. They kill as many birds as possible with one stone. It does not matter a straw whether the guests enjoy themselves or are bored, if not trampled, to death. It is simply a question of paying a social debt, and legal tender consists not in the personal enjoyment of the guests, but in "doing the thing well"—that is, with the requisite amount of display.

In order to keep up the fiction, that some sort of entertainment should be part of the hospitality offered to friends, the name of some well known singer or band is generally mentioned on the invitation card. People do occasionally, it must be confessed, indulge their brains to make their parties less disagreeable than those of their friends, by producing something a little out of the common in this respect. Of course, the days when amateur musicians or singers among the company were asked to discourse sweet music to their fellow guests belong to a forgotten age. Professionalism and display have killed all that. The leading opera singers, musicians of European reputation, professional reciters, comedians, music hall artists, are engaged to perform at evening parties; and even the skirt dancer—the Western equivalent of the Nautch girl—has been introduced. But it matters little what it may be, for not one in fifty of the guests ever get within ear shot, and the few who do are too uncomfortable from the heat and pressure to be able to give attention. Holocausts of expensive flowers wither in the hot rooms, adding oppressiveness to the exhausted air.

There is not much in common between these London parties and those we read of in old memoirs, where fascinating women were "at home" in their salons, and gathered a brilliant coterie of wit and beauty, where compliment and repartee sparkled and conversation was an art. When we go to an "At Home" to-day, it is of no consequence who the hostess is; for she stands all the evening at the head of the stairs wearily shaking hands and saying a curt "How d'ye do" and "Good-night" to the constant streams of guests coming and going, half of whom she probably scarcely knows by sight. No further word will she speak to a soul till the longed-for moment arrives, when she and her husband congratulate each other that the last invader has evacuated their territory, and an odious duty is satisfactorily discharged.

Is it some weird occult influence that compels men and women to subject themselves and their fellow creatures to such a course of treatment? It is nothing but the powerlessness of society to adjust itself to new conditions, and the blind force that insists on preserving social customs that have become unmanageable. It is quite right that social intercourse should be maintained, but no one knows how it can be maintained except by existing methods; and no one, even if they did know, has the power to carry out a revolution. So we bravely keep up the fiction that our parties are not unmanageable mobs, but pleasant gatherings of friends; and we give them and attend them—just as we pay our calls—from a sense of duty to ourselves and our neighbors. But it is little wonder that we are accused of taking our pleasures sadly. The most light-hearted, if extended on the rack, would be disinclined for merriment.

#### Terms of Sale.

Pearson's Weekly.

In a small town in which the bicycle craze was raging, a woman was talking with the only dealer, and, commenting on the number of wheels to be seen on the streets daily, observed:

"You must be making your fortune at this rate, if only half the machines ridden by the townspeople come from you."

"Well, mum, I don't know so much about that," was the reply. "You see, I have to sell a good many of my machines on the Kathleen Mavourneen principle."

"The Kathleen Mavourneen principle!" cried the mystified fair one. "What is that?"

"Why, payment on the hire system. Don't you know the song, mum? 'It may be for years, and it may be forever.' Good morning, mum."



"If I kin find another kind lady—or what has sons wid outgrown bicycles, me name is Walker no longer."—Ed.

Colonel Corkright—Major Bludsoe is an excellent judge of whisky, isn't he, sub? Colonel Gore—Yes, sub! The major is not only a good judge of it, but also a merciless executioner.—Puck.

"Well, I'm glad o' one thing. Our Jim seems to have good religious comp'ny." "How is that, mother?" "His last letter says he's comin' home in a converted yacht."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

#### Heard of the New Stove?

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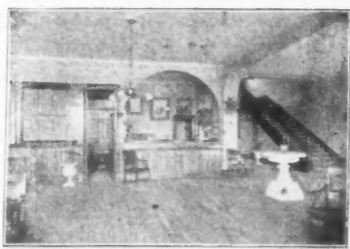
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lation from the Persian of Omar Khayyam. Everything goes under that head, you know.—Town Topics.

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Little Sister—What's the difference 'tween 'lectricity and lightin'? Little Brother—You don't have to pay nothin' for lightnin'.—Tit-Bits.

Hills—That wild, weird, unintelligible poem of yours will never find acceptance with any of the magazines. Mills—Won't it, though? I'll bet bet to two it does. Hills—I'll take the bet. How will you manage it? Mills—I'll call it a literal trans-



## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - Editor

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## The Drama.

THE theatrical season is very young yet, but we are already fully conscious of what awaits us in the way of twaddle about the war with Spain. The stage will be a perfect bore to us in Toronto this winter unless the local managers put their feet down firmly and demand that the vaudeville shows shall remember that they are in Canada and not in the United States. We have every possible admiration for Dewey, and Hobson, and Schley, and Sampson, and Shafter, and all the brave boys who fought so gamely in Cuba and elsewhere during the recent war, but we are not going to pay a dollar per night, or any fraction of that sum, to hear an endless stream of guff and bragadoocio about a war that is now over. Songs that would be cheered at Buffalo will make people tired in Toronto, for Canada is not a State of the Union, and sentimental slop will not appeal to our people at all. We have cheered our cousins who charged so bravely up the hill at Santiago, just as we cheered our cousins who bravely charged up the Dargai ridge. Both events are now over, and, as far as we are concerned, belong to history: one is, henceforth, of as little consequence to us as the other. In neither did we participate as a people, although in both engagements we were represented by individuals and all were kinsmen whom we were, and are, proud to own. Actors from the United States, and especially the managers of companies, should think this over and comprehend our position if they hope to do business with us. We are as friendly as any related but outside people could possibly be, but we simply cannot rise to the guff that threatens to hugely please theatergoers across the boundary line. By nature we do not crave cheap stimulants to move our rightful emotions, and if we had great men and great heroes in our hearts we would not thank anyone for presenting them to us in effigy on the stage, or dressing up "supes" to represent them. Such mimicry would make us feel that our best sentiments were being trifled with, and we would turn cold eyes on the profanation. To produce "supes" dressed up to represent Dewey and Sampson and the rest of them, may please people on the other side of the line, but if so, it only shows how different in character are the people of the two adjoining countries. Our respect for such men would protect them from such tomfoolery. The local theater that allows Buffalo sentiments to be heaped to here does so at its own risk. There will be very hard frosts, and some night there will be a blizzard of such violence as to astonish the good Hebrews who are undertaking to make a fortune out of their strong Anglo-Saxon proclivities and their intense Yankee patriotism. Let our local managers demand that programmes be revised on entering this country, or the public patience will be exhausted very early in the season.

The three theaters of Toronto all swung into line on Monday evening and launched another season. All three houses have been greatly improved, although the changes in the Toronto Opera House have been the most marked, owing to the putting in of a second gallery, the introduction of bright colors, and the brilliant flood of light that now bathes the whole auditorium. The Grand Opera House has, however, been also greatly improved in its lighting arrangements; the lobbies have been reconstructed and beautifully decorated by Elliott & Co., who have such a deft touch in work of that kind. The full effect of the decorations was scarcely apparent on the opening night, and finishing touches will be put on during the balance of the week.

Ward and Vokes have not formerly played at high prices in Toronto, but have often done so in some of the cities across the border. They have now the best show they have yet produced, and are entitled to play to high prices and to large and pleased audiences. During the two weeks of the Exhibition they will undoubtedly fill the Grand with people. I am compelled to say, however, that Charles W. Young, as the bunco man, sang a song on the opening night that will not do at a high priced house in this town. The song was a most illiterate composition and not in good taste. A few little things need to be cut out of the programme to make it palatable to the virtuous people who will crowd the city during the Fair and take their one annual glimpse of the stage. I say a few little things, and mean only a few little things. In the main the jokes and fun are singularly innocent and mirthful. We are fortunate in seeing Ward and Vokes so early in the season, for these two comedians are creators of fun, and in another six weeks many imitators will be on the road cracking their jokes, and it is always better to hear these quips as they come fresh from the men who invent them. Little Johnny Page is a whole show

in himself and there is no limit to the amount of "fanning" of which he is capable. Ward, Vokes and Page are a great trio, and if they are wise they will long stay together, each avoiding the folly of believing that he is "the whole tip" and could gambol alone to better personal advantage. Many a good combination has been broken up, deeply regretted, but never pieced together again. These three have got together again after being separated. Louise Montrose, Margaret Daly Vokes and a bright lot of girls are also in the company.

On the Suwanee River, the play at the Toronto Opera House this, the first week of the Fair, is a story of the South. It is rather peculiar in that it has a blind heroine and a crazy hero. The latter is not so remarkable as the former, heroes being generally more or less eligible candidates for that benevolent institution known as the lunatic asylum, and we might even stand without shying at one at a time. But a combination of the two is quite a shock to anyone who knows from observation what the melodrama should and should not be. However, another gentleman divides the honors of being hero with the cracked young man, and in the last act the latter gives the blind girl to this gentleman as a slight, all-too-insufficient token of the regard he bears him. Thus the cracked gentleman, though foolish, is not so blindly in love as the other, to make a nasty, horrid, unkind allusion to the infirmity of a poor helpless young heroine.

However, on the Suwanee River is all right. It is sad for three acts or so if you once enter into the spirit of it, and though parts are of the conventional type, one can find places where it rings with a more sterling tinkle than one usually finds in comedy-drama of the South. Polly Stockwell, who was with the Cummings Stock Company for part of last winter, as Aunt Lindy, the negro mammy, has a great deal to do with this, her work being more of a character study and less of a mere set-off to the heavy stuff than one has any right to expect in a melodrama. Miss Stella Mayhew was also more of the real thing than one usually sees. As Mrs. Judith, the strong-minded woman, one got a glimpse of how happy life is on a farm when you can't call your soul your own. The piece is doing well and people are greatly pleased with the handsome Toronto Opera House.

The bright comedy, Jane, was the opening piece at the Princess Theater, and the Cummings Stock Company drew big houses to the pretty theater this week. Miss Marshall and Mr. Grady are the only two familiar faces in the company, but next week Robert Cummings will appear at the head of the cast in Monte Cristo. He is a better actor than his brother Ralph, although he gave up the center of the stage last season to the latter and devoted his attention to the box-office. Jane is so well known in Toronto that it is not necessary to say more about it than that it is put on in very fair style by the Cummings people.

Manager Small presents an attractive menu of fun at the Toronto Opera House for the week, commencing with a special Labor Day matinee Monday, Sept. 5. Kelly and Mason, in their comedy of complications called Who is Who, scored a decided success at this theater last year, and for the present engagement the same excellent bill is assured. Since last year the piece has been revised and equipped with what are characterized as "vaudeville trimmings," making it thoroughly up-to-date in the musical farce line. The natural fun of the young lawyer's complications, with his mythical partner, Nemo, is supplemented with interpolations by the following high-class specialists: "Kitty Clover," by Helena Addis, George Tompkins, Miller Sisters and the Sisters Whiting; The German Singing Society, with Chas. A. Mason as the conductor, and Messrs. Welch, Pusey, Le Fevre, Roche and Maples as members; Kelly and Mason in an original specialty: The Girls of Yankee Land, by the pretty girl contingent; the Sisters Whiting, premier comedians; An Operatic Travesty, by Miss Katherine Miller and Kelly and Mason; Helena Addis in a singing and dancing divertissement; Harry N. Welch, acrobatic comedy specialty; My Gal's Done Wrong, a rattling cake-walk specialty, introducing the entire company. All these special acts, in addition to the chorus work of the company, promise to make Who is Who a merry bill. The usual Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday matinees will be given besides the extra Monday matinee Labor Day.

Dennan Thompson has revived The Old Homestead at the New York Academy of Music, and it has been drawing crowded houses. The hold that this little idyl has on the public is scarcely less remarkable

than the perennial freshness, the charm, the pathos, and the geniality of Mr. Thompson's art.

Rose Coghlan has followed in the footsteps of her brother Charles, and turned dramatist, having written a one-act play called Between Matinee and Evening. She is appearing in this with her husband, John T. Sullivan, at Proctor's Theater, New York, before going on tour in The White Heather.

Edward H. Sothorn brought out in Philadelphia a fortnight ago A Shilling's Worth, by Abby Sage Richardson and Grace L. Furness. It is described as pretty rather than forceful, but it provides a romantic part for Mr. Sothorn and a graceful one for Miss Harned.

In Beerbohm Tree's London production of King John, Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Tree, Charles Warner, Lewis Waller and Mr. Kendal will appear. Mr. Kendal plays Arthur.

Eddy Foy will have the principal comedy part in Hotel Topsy Turvy, a new burlesque operetta to be put on shortly at the Herald Square Theater, New York.

Henry Miller is playing in San Francisco for three weeks, appearing in Hearts-ease, The Master, and A Marriage of Convenience.

Annie Russell, having closed her London season, has gone to Surrey, England, the guest of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Ethel Brandon is to support Mildred Holland in her production of The Two Little Vagrants during the coming season.

Corrine is appearing this week in a new vaudeville theater in San Francisco.

Ward and Vokes will remain at the Grand all next week.

## Sporting Comment.

THE international cricket match at Philadelphia on Monday and Tuesday resulted in a victory for the United States by an innings and one run. It is rather hard to account for this overwhelming defeat, because Canada has won in the three previous years. However, the game is very uncertain, and it was a new man and a young player, N. G. Graves, who batted so determinedly for 128 runs. King made 30, and no other player on the winning side made as high as 20. The total was 250, and Canada was only able to respond with 113 and 136. Owing to the importance of the match I intend to break through custom and publish the score in full:

United States.  
J. B. King, run out..... 39  
N. G. Graves, c. Chambers, b. Philpott..... 128  
A. M. Wood, c. Lyon, b. Philpott..... 12  
W. W. Noble, c. Laing, b. Philpott..... 12  
P. H. Clarke, c. Laing, b. Philpott..... 8  
R. D. Brown, c. Laing, b. Philpott..... 3  
F. L. Altemus, b. Laing..... 15  
P. H. Bates, c. Marshall, b. Connell..... 19  
A. P. Morris, b. Philpott..... 9  
H. C. Townsend, c. Philpott, b. Laing..... 0  
J. H. Seattergood, not out..... 2  
Extras..... 11  
Total..... 250

Canada—First Innings.  
D. W. Saunders, c. Wood, b. King..... 27  
J. L. Connell, c. Wood, b. King..... 7  
W. E. McMurtry, c. Seattergood, b. King..... 17  
P. C. Goldingham, c. King, b. Morris..... 11  
J. M. Laing, c. King, b. Morris..... 11  
G. S. Lyon, c. Clarke, b. Philpott..... 12  
A. G. Chambers, c. Graves, b. King..... 22  
A. W. McKenzie, c. Wood, b. King..... 5  
W. Philpott, c. Clarke, b. Townsend..... 0  
W. Philpott, b. Clarke..... 0  
H. B. McGivern, not out..... 10  
Extras..... 10  
Total..... 113

Second Innings.  
Saunders, c. and b. Clarke..... 0  
Goldingham, c. b. and Townsend..... 17  
McMurtry, c. and b. Townsend..... 34  
Connell, c. and b. Townsend..... 11  
Laing, c. Seattergood, b. Clarke..... 4  
Lyon, c. Noble, b. Townsend..... 0  
Marshall, c. Wood, b. King..... 26  
McKenzie, c. Clarke, b. Townsend..... 5  
McGivern, not out..... 3  
Philpott, c. Seattergood, b. King..... 2  
Extras..... 22  
Total..... 136

It will be seen that A. G. Chambers carried off the batting honors, and it requires to be added that Philpott's McGivern was the most successful bowler, getting four wickets for forty-four runs and bowling fifteen overs. McGivern, Goldingham and Lyon failed to get wickets. Connell got one for thirteen, and Laing four for fifty-six. The lesson of the match probably is that our distinguished players do not when in practice pay enough attention to fielding, and therefore lack the dash and snap necessary in a critical game. The missing of one catch may mean the loss of a match. However, we must not begrudge the victory won by the United States, for of late we have been getting our share. Now for the game against Mr. Warner's English eleven two weeks hence.

In the senior C. L. A. series there is a capital finish and a bigger interest than ever before, owing to the excellent lacrosse played and to the fact that the opposing

teams are so well matched. This afternoon there will be a large excursion down from Seaford to see the match between the Beavers of that town and the Elms-Tecumsehs of this city. This is a very important game, because if Seaford wins it the championship of the season is settled, but if the Islanders should win, it would mean that either they or the Orangeville club could tie with Seaford. On Labor Day, in Orangeville, the Athletics of St. Catharines will play against the Dufferins, and there will be but one more game, when the Elms-Tecumsehs go to Orangeville. If Seaford is beaten here to-day and if St. Catharines should win at Orangeville on Monday, those two teams will tie for first place. This means that any one of three teams may tie with Seaford should the Beavers lose to-day.

## THE C. L. A. STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	Play.
Seaford.....	5	2	1
St. Catharines.....	4	3	1
Orangeville.....	3	3	2
Elms-Tecumsehs.....	3	3	2
Georgetown.....	2	6	0

The Dunlop Trophy race on the Woodbine track and the Kingston road last Saturday showed us the best road race we have seen in years—in fact, as far as speed is concerned the best we ever saw. Five men finished inside the previous record time, and the new record as made by the first man in was almost startling in the big jump from the previous one. Joe Shortt is a phenomenon. The four miles on the track was done under 2:40 to the mile. The first lap was done in somewhere about 2:30 as near as an ordinary watch could catch it. Yet once on the road Shortt ran up the long trying Norway hill like a scared cat. One of his club mates was talking before the race. "If Shortt gets out of that gate first they'll never see him," he said. Shortt did get out first and from there to the finish made his own pace. A Hamilton man tacked on to him for a while going up the hill. "We were going along," he said, "and suddenly my cork went—ping!" It was a clear case of runaway. Jack Smith of the Queen Cities, who beat Shortt in a pursuit race last month, fell and lost a hundred yards. He sprinted and caught Shortt, but, being puffed, could not hold him. He was the most likely man to have fought it out for first place. At the top of Norway hill Shortt was leading by a wide gap. At the Auburn the next bunch was out of sight. On the levels he went at times at about a 2:30 clip. When he came to a hill he sprinted. Asked where he pulled away from the others who were with him for half way up the Norway hill, he explained that most riders always felt more or less tired at the top of a hill, and he guessed that's where he had the advantage. The hills didn't touch him. Shortt rode an 80 gear. No other of the Royal Canadian team rode higher than 71. Shortt is a mailer in the Globe office and is required to get up in the middle of the night to begin work. One would think that this was not conducive to keeping a man in good condition, but it seems to act otherwise with Shortt. His time, 55:30 4-5, unpaired for sixteen out of the twenty miles, proves him to have a heart like a donkey-engine.

Jack Smith, who won the sprint for second place, is another of those tireless riders. But for his fall he might have pushed Shortt much harder than he did. Frank Addison of the Ramblers, who distinguished himself in Kingston on Civic Holiday, was in the bunch that entered the gate half a mile behind Shortt. He beat his own record made at Kingston and was only beaten by Smith in the final sprint. Greatrix, who finished first in the last two Dunlop races, had a fall and didn't show up as well as was expected. The Hamilton team rode well, there being three Crescent men in the second bunch.

The Toronto Canoe Club have reason to feel satisfied with the showing made by their representatives at the A.C.A. meet in the St. Lawrence this year. The five events won by the Toronto Club were the war canoe, tandem, fours, single blade and relay race (double blade). The war canoe event was most exciting, Toronto turning the tables on Brockville, who had won in the Dominion Day races, and winning by half a length. Brockville ran a special excursion for this race. G. W. Begg, in the relay race, had to catch up six lengths when it came to his turn to paddle, as the Park Island paddlers of Trenton, N.J., had gained on the first two legs. The club championship races and an At Home have been postponed from September 3 to September 10 and will comprise an affair similar to the Annual Regatta.

## A Bunco Game.

A young man from the country got into a serious row with a gum-slot machine on Queen street west on Wednesday afternoon. A crowd quickly gathered around, and when a policeman arrived the young man stated his case, and showed clearly that the gum machine had buncoed him. "There was a boy and he got a cent's worth of gum out of this here thing," said the ruralite, "and I wanted some gum, too. I hadn't a copper and so I put in a quarter, and it won't give me a quarter's worth of gum and it won't give me any change. This man here—it's nailed on to the front of his store—and he says he hasn't got anything to do with it and won't give me my money back."

The policeman refused to interfere, and advised the youth to keep his eye peeled or he would lose more than a quarter while he remained in town. The gum-slot machines have gobbled quarters more than once in this way.

Farmer Jones—You want a job, eh? I never seen the likes of you looking for a job before. Weary Wrenbler—Oh, it's a mere fad with me! I want a job fer de same reason dat ladies go slumming—I want ter mix rit in wild yer family, and get morally shocked, and see jest how de odder half lives, and all dat.—Puck.



"Now what is this town Ah wondah?" said the Southern tourist, and smiled at his little joke.

## On the Links.

WILLIE DUNN is a wise man and appreciates how important a part women play in the golf of the present times. He is at present engaged in laying out and getting into shape one of the prettiest links in the State of New York down close to the Hartsdale station on the New York and Hudson River Road. The membership of the club, which will be strictly a business men's club, will be limited to one hundred. The wives and daughters of the members are to be allowed on the course as often as and just when they please, and in planning and arranging the club-house the wily Willie has given special attention to all details which will add to the comfort and convenience of the lady members. Such a hold are women gaining on everything in the present day that a time may come when they will build the club-houses and manage the links, and the men will sue for admission. The new Seaford Club will be formally opened on Labor Day, after which weekly competitions will be held. According to Dunn's own description it is an exceptionally pretty course, "Within thirty-five minutes' run from Forty-second street, perched on an elevation which commands a view of miles and miles of wooded country, and having natural undulations, a fine, sand-like soil, and turf the quality of Axminster. . . . What more," he winds up with, "can one want to playground as it should be played?" What, indeed?

Mr. McLaughlin, president of the Rosedale club, took a run over to Niagara-on-the-Lake last week, was present at the opening of the new club-house, and went over the Fort George links with Dr. Fred Hood. He was most enthusiastic over the beautiful condition of the course, and was very emphatic in his opinion that it would be difficult to find a better links in the country. The greens, he said, were in perfect condition and the whole course in prime order for the tournament taking place this week.

Mr. George Lyon, who has been playing with the Canadian eleven in the international cricket match at Philadelphia, has returned, and is taking an active part in the golf tournament at Niagara. Mr. Lyon will also be one of the ten who will do their best to have Canada defeat the Stars and Stripes in the international match on October 1, and one who will figure prominently in the inter-provincial match on October 31. Rosedale is naturally proud of possessing Mr. Lyon. He is one of the best golfers in this country. He plays an easy game with nothing cramped or stiff about his movements, a fact which overthrows the oft-repeated statement that to be a good golfer a man must play from almost childhood—at least from early boyhood. Mr. Lyon has been golfing only a very few years, and yet among the younger players who have met him on the links there are none who play a better or an easier game. It is frequently said, with some reason, that the boy-players play naturally, and from the beginning fall into the way of striking at the ball in the correct and only proper way; while those who only venture into the game later in life strike more in conformity with the set of their muscles than in the

orthodox style, and as a result they are playing a forced game which breaks down too often to hold its own against a natural, unconscious style. This is true to a great extent, but Mr. Lyon's free, uncramped style also proves that to play a brilliant game, and a game very pretty to watch, not every man need commence when a boy.

In a series of articles on The Royal and Ancient Game, Dr. J. G. McPherson of St. Andrew's, Scotland, condenses a lot of things golfers would do well to remember. Beginners, for instance, should not lose sight of the fact that "in golf, above all games, there is an individuality of style which can never be successfully altered after it is formed, although it may be regulated." The writer goes on to say: "Of course, it is best for the style to be formed when the player is young, for then he has all his muscles fresh for education, without any bias which too often comes in with those who are excellent cricketers. You can be a good cricketer after your style in golf is formed, but it is less frequently the case that after the muscles are rightly subservient to the cricket style you can learn the easy, round swing at golf which is so essential to continued success in the game." Again, Mr. Lyon's achievements at both games refute this. He was a crack cricketer first and a star golfer afterwards, and those who have over and over again watched him tee his ball and bring his club around with a full, free swing have never noticed that particular "bias" movement which Dr. McPherson thinks peculiar to golfers who began by being cricketers. The article in question calls attention to another truth which every golfer has proved—how "confidence helps one amazingly when addressing for a grand carry over a distant bunker. With a good style how often one succeeds when he firmly believes that he can play the stroke." And Dr. McPherson ends up with: "Above all, be natural in playing. Do not be going over a whole code of rules while you are swinging. If your joints are stiff, use supple clubs; if the frame is elastic, use stiff clubs, and watch the style of the best players before your own is formed. Blend imitation and naturalness as much as possible. This will fix most successfully your individuality of style."

Miss Ella Scott has prolonged her visit in Cobourg, and will not be home until the 15th.

HAZARD.

"Do you ever go to a military ball?" asked the sweet debutante of an old veteran. "No, my dear," growled the old soldier, "a military ball came to me and took my leg off."—Er.

Visitor (who has been regaled with terrible tales of shipwreck)—But you don't mean to say you lose visitors here occasionally? Native—No, sir; they generally washes up after a tide or two.—St. Paul's.

"When a man is angry he tells you what he thinks of you." "Yes, and when a woman is angry she tells you what she thinks of you, and what everybody else thinks of you."—Chicago Record.

"I see," said the elderly boarder, "that the paper says that the foe retreated doggedly. I wonder what sort of retreat that was?" "Presumably," said the Cheerful Idiot, "they took to their barks."—Indianapolis Journal.



Rube Hay—What did yer put them two straws in the lemonade fur?  
Waiter—Why, to drink it with.  
Rube Hay—Gof darn yer impudence! Becuz I cum from the country, d'yer take me fur a sucker



"Don't you want to grow up to be a man?"  
"What's the use? All the other boys will be grown up too and it'll be just as hard to lick 'em as 'tis now."—N. Y. Truth.



## A FENIAN OF THE RAID

By CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

"A CANUCK?" he asked. I pleaded guilty in as "Romanus sum" a manner as I could hastily assume. "Heard so," he continued, as he squeezed another lemon for another customer. "Was over there myself once, in sixty-six." I became interested. Sir Walter Scott said somewhere that he never met a man from whom he couldn't learn something, and this lemonade seller in the vestibule of a second-class New York hotel told me much.

I had heard lots about the Fenian raid on Canada of eighteen hundred and sixty-six from the Canadian standpoint. A month in that New York hotel, which happened to be a sort of Clan-na-Gael headquarters, gave me an opportunity of knowing Fenianism and Fenians as much, anyway, as is necessary for the purposes of this story, from the Fenian point of view. I talked Irish politics with King, who rescued the Fenian prisoners from Australia in the Catalpa; played pedro with Martin Walsh, a head center, and drank with O'Donovan Rossa. I am not boasting, for anybody with half a dollar can do the same. There is one thing characteristic about New York Fenians. They are not exclusive. The Irish martyr in America will drink with anybody, even though he be possessed of the proud record of having been incarcerated in a British dungeon, for Irish patriots are never put in anything so commonplace or vulgar as jails. The tyrannical British Government always keeps a carefully selected assortment of dungeons for their special benefit. These dungeons are used at Irish picnics, patriotic meetings, and collections. But the lemonade man in the vestibule told me how he and several hundred others tried to take Canada. I doubted him at first, for he talked New York without the suspicion of a brogue, but when he told me his name was Michael Desmond Kelly, then I believed him.

There is no necessity of giving his account verbatim. I got it by bits during those hot New York days when "ice cold lemonade" appealed to me, and a considerable number of the bits would not be pleasant reading to the average Canadian. I may have my own opinion about the inefficiency of raw volunteers and militiamen in the field unsupported by regulars, but there is no necessity of blazoning it forth to the world. I may or may not think that something more than a patriotic fervor and a few days' drill is necessary to make men steadily face death on the battle field, but nobody cares what I think in either case and the Canadian militia system will go on just the same. The fact that there is much U. E. Loyalist and soldier blood in our veins is a very pleasant thought, and fills the roster rolls of our militia regiments, but the idea is not original; war requires something more than a military spirit and a memory of the American revolution and 1812. Our great-grandfathers were well drilled; war was their business, but they are dead. And when Michael Desmond Kelly waxed eloquent about the rate of progression of the Queen's Own on a certain historic occasion—Mr. Kelly, by the way, labored under the impression that it was Her Majesty's own personal regiment, the flower of her troops, as it were, that he and his friends met on the Ridgeway hillside—I didn't take any notes.

The reasons that caused Mr. Kelly to become a Fenian include the history of Ireland from the time of Elizabeth, with special chapters devoted to Cromwell, the sack of Drogheda, and the treaty of Limerick; a long dissertation on the law of landlord and tenant from the patriarchal system of the Celt and the introduction of the Norman feudal law to the present time; the Act of Union, Robert Emmett, Repeal and Daniel O'Connell. I shall skip all that. I had heard it somewhere or other before. I asked him why he wished to take Canada and he told me that he wanted to free Ireland. I then enquired what Canada had done to enslave Ireland? Where Canada had betrayed Sarsfield in the Treaty of Limerick? What Canadians had done to prevent Emmett's epitaph being written in accordance with that deceased gentleman's request? Why Canadians living in perfect satisfaction with themselves and their government should be down-trodden in order to oblige a number of Yankee gentlemen whose great-great-grandfathers had been down-trodden? In choice New York English I asked Mr. Kelly, who seemed so well acquainted with this down-trodden, iron-heeled, ruthless invader business of years ago, where Canada came in on this freeing Ireland deal. Mr. Kelly's eyes twinkled. His grandfather was an Irishman.

"Well," he said, "I was in the 69th Regiment during the war with the South, and liked it."

I looked at the dashing, debonaire man of fifty years of age and thought that at twenty he probably did.

"The war was over," said he, "and this thing turned up. I was ready for anything and I went. I wasn't thinking much about the Canadians. I was freeing Ireland, see?" And Michael Desmond Kelly winked.

He was a member of the Clan-na-Gael, but he wasn't in the blowing-up-building line that summer. He had "done his share for Ireland," he said. Mr. Kelly had been in a good many lines in his time—soldier during the Civil War, Fenian raider in '96, policeman under Tammany, saloon-keeper, sheriff's bailiff, mayor's messenger, secret service detective, and a dozen other things besides. He was traveling in hard luck, he said, when I knew him, but he was above everything else a New Yorker,

with all the adroitness and *savoir faire* of him who from wharf-rat to Tammany sergeant had lived tensely and recklessly the life of the streets of the metropolis. His Celtic nature easily assimilated with the surrounding conditions. He was no ordinary lemonade-seller. He was a man worth knowing.

His experiences of the Fenian raid alone would make a decent-sized book, and it would be good reading. But the history of the raid has yet to be written. Both Canadians and Fenians seem coy about putting their deeds of "derring do" down in cold type, and even now, thirty-two years afterwards, we Canadians haven't settled to our own or anybody's satisfaction who was to blame for that Ridgeway affair—Colonel Booker or General Peacock. I hold to the opinion that it was the Fenians, but then no one will agree with me. In the meantime we publish occasional scraps about it in the Canadian magazines and papers and give medals to Canadian defenders on that occasion. And why shouldn't the British Government consent to medals being given thirty-two years after "we hurled the ruthless invader back from the sacred soil of Canada?" I think that is the usual and proper phrase to use in reference to the Fenian raid. We are willing to pay for them. Those of us who actively resented the capture of our homes by a crowd of Irish-American larrikins want those medals. The fact that ninety-nine out of a hundred of the defenders of the said sacred soil are now out of uniform and cannot wear them, is neither here nor there. We can show them to our neighbors or play with them. But here is a scrap, a bit from the life and adventures of Michael Desmond Kelly, that may be useful to the future historian. The Irish drollery and New York vernacular can be reserved for the history.

Mr. Kelly told me that he hadn't the faintest idea, and he didn't think half a dozen of his comrades had, whether they were going to move on Toronto, Montreal, or Ottawa; all he knew was they were going to take Canada, and in an indefinite sort of way free Ireland by making the country captured a base to build a fleet in and wage war on Britain. The fact that Canada might object to being converted into a ship-yard and to suspending business while he and several hundred others were engaged in the process of subduing the British Empire, didn't enter into his calculations. Ex-soldiers of Irish race out of a job, with the harrowing thought in their hearts of their grandfathers being evicted because they didn't feel disposed to pay rent for land which was stolen seven hundred years before from their ancestors, do not do much calculating.

After a preliminary drunk in Buffalo, Mr. Kelly and several hundreds of his friends crossed the Niagara River into Canada near Fort Erie. His ideas regarding the geography of that part of Canada were as confused as those he had regarding our political position. The account of the march of the army of the Irish republic to Ridgeway is not definite as to details. He said he liked Canada as far as he went, and for that matter rather liked Canadians. He would have been hanged, he cheerfully informed me, if it hadn't been for a Canadian.

"Felt tender to Canucks ever since," he said, as he thoughtfully tightened his cravat. "You see," he continued, "after we wallowed sin out of those soldiers at Ridgeway, we retired." I must have smiled suggestively at this naive remark, for he went on hastily, "You needn't laugh—we did, and the Queen's own particular regiment was in the crowd. I was in the skirmishing line on the edge of the bush and helped do the wallowing. They seemed to be nerry enough, but I guess they were paralyzed when we opened fire. I didn't blame 'em. I was at Shiloh and Gettysburg and know how a man feels. I was at Bull Run, too. That was my first taste of the battle business, and I calculate I ran as fast as anybody else. It catches a man that way at first. Fellows that say different are lyin'. War's no picnic or easy side ruction. There's a sort of gone feeling around the pit of the stomach, and a lump keeps crawling up in your throat when your right-hand man topples over beside you with a screech and sprinkles blood over your new uniform. A sort of 'There's no place like home' idea comes over you about then, and you'll put it in practice if your officers and partners give you any excuse. If ye all feel like that, in other words if you're all recruits, ye haven't far to hunt for the excuse. Our fling scared a lot of cows in the bush, and the cows pranced around and scared the Britishers. They thought they were cavalry. They all bunched up, to receive 'em in square, I suppose. That was a mistake, a tactical mistake. They were not fierce cows and were Canadian as far as their politics went. They should have been received in open order or with open arms. And that bunched-up square made a beautiful mark. Anybody could hit it. I was sorry for the boys out there in the open, and knew that if they stayed much longer they would stay until sympathizing friends carried them away. But they seemed to object to leaving the field of glory that way, and showed their sense. They distributed. When once the idea struck them that there was no necessity of defending their country by standing up in a bunch in a field and being made a cock-shot of, they distributed. They didn't stand on the order of their going. They went. We didn't capture any prisoners. We couldn't. When I was in the Northern army and we did that sort of thing we called it 'executing a manoeuvre to the rear, or retiring to our base, or for reinforcements.' The movement has to be carried out expeditiously to fulfil the necessities of the occasion. The Britishers

fulfilled 'em. They distributed themselves carelessly over the landscape, and were still engaged in carrying out the manoeuvre, as far as we could see 'em. We didn't follow them. Why? Oh, well, ye see, we heard that a big force of regulars were coming up in another direction, and well, and—and—we hadn't received the reinforcements we expected, and we thought it was about time for us to retire to our base. We weren't dead sure where the base was, but we knew it wasn't in the neighborhood of the advancing regulars. And soon the army of the Irish republic followed the example of the Ridgeway Canadians in concentrating on its base by distributing itself over the surrounding country."

This was Mr. Kelly's description of the Battle of Ridgeway, as I remember it. He seems to have forgotten all about Ireland after that. His personal affairs concerned him entirely during the remainder of his Canadian visit. After an affair with an artillery company he determined to make for New York on his own hook, and let Ireland suffer on under the iron heel of Britain for that summer at least. He remembered having heard somewhere that Canadians had the hanging habit badly, with a decided preference for Fenians to indulge it with. And he wandered for several days around the Niagara district with a kink in his neck. About dusk the third evening, footsore, hungry and weary, he sought the shelter that an isolated barn offered, and crawled into the sheep-pen underneath. He was no sooner inside than he was "knocked cold," as he put it, with the challenge: "Halt, who comes there?" He answered mechanically, "Friend." He told me that he never wanted to be so friendly in his life, although he felt the kink in his neck just then painfully. He looked up and in the dim light saw a young man about his own age. They looked at each other. They were both coatless and hatless, but both bore about them something that showed they had soldiered, and it didn't take either long to determine which side the other had been on in the late unpleasantness. Visions of a blood-thirsty band of marauding Irish-Americans avenging the wrongs of seven centuries floated before the imagination of the Canadian volunteer. Thoughts of British dungeons and gallows chased each other through the mind of the Fenian.

"Who are you?" asked the Canadian. "I'm one of the Queen's Own," said Kelly, who told me that he thought he might as well be as near to the throne as possible under the circumstances, and with an affectation of jauntness, asked: "And who are you?"

"Oh, I'm—I'm—I belong to the army of the Irish republic," said the Canadian, who happened to be a Queen's Own man. They both knew the other was lying, but one didn't think the other knew. The Queen's Own man, after Ridgeway and dodging around half-starved for a couple of days, believed that the whole of Western Ontario at least was in the hands of the Fenians. And Kelly knew that his compatriots were scurrying out of the country. Accordingly they didn't endeavor to take each other prisoner. They sat down and talked amicably. A half-starved refugee feels well disposed towards a man who he believes has several thousand armed friends located in the neighborhood industriously engaged in hunting him up with blood in their eyes. They talked in generalities and silently admired each other's manifest lying ability. The heart of the Queen's Own man's father, a Toronto Orangeman, would have been sad within him if he had heard the setting out of the Queen, the Royal family, the British constitution and the tyranny of British rule got from his son and heir. Kelly would undoubtedly have been branded as a traitor to the cause by every member of the Fenian Brotherhood if his protestations in favor of British connection were published. They both seemed ready to die for their adopted principles. They hunted for eggs together when it was dark, and went into the deserted farmhouse, lit a fire and had supper. The farmer and his family were spending the summer some place where there was less chance of being trampled on in the march of armies. The young Torontonian had lost his way and concentrated on the sheep-pen as his base of operations until he knew whether Canada was a part of the Irish republic or not. Mr. Kelly knew that it wasn't, but whether his certainty made him more at ease than his companion's doubtfulness. They watched each other and skilfully avoided particulars of the event of the last few days. The Canadian referred as airily to the army of the Irish republic as Mr. Kelly did to the Queen's Own. But there is a communion in doubt, and neither knew what minute he might be a prisoner in the hands of the other man's friends. The supper also had its influence, and before there had been more than three rounds of the farmer's jar of Family Proof—for the Canadian, who tried to live up to the claims of a Raider, had discovered it in the cellar—they were distinctly friendly, but they kept religiously lying right along and drinking, each to his enemy's flag. Never did two such violent partisans put in an evening together with so potent a disturbing element as Canadian Family Proof, without blows, since the conquest of Ireland.

"I sort of got to like the Canuck," Mr. Kelly told me. "He was such an ornamental liar. The way he knocked the British Constitution, Crown, Lords and Commons around that night and tore up the Act of Union would have elected him Congressman in a dozen States. But I knew it nearly choked him to do it. I was loyal, very. He got to speaking each other's sentiments so much that after the sixth glass we respected one another. And then we agreed that whichever side captured us the one would see the other through. I looked him straight in the eye and we shook hands on the agreement, and he looked straight back, man to man, and said 'I will.'"

And he kept his word, for when a British platoon found us next morning asleep in full marching order in the same

Limited Partnership.



"I hear you have an interest in the business now?"

"Yes."

"How did you manage that?"

"I was informed by the senior partner that if I did not take an interest in the business he would find someone who would."

—Vim.

bed, and the young officer ordered us to be made prisoners as 'blackguard Fenians,' he quietly told him that we were Queen's Own men who had lost the way after Ridgeway, and he proved it, too. I didn't shove myself too much forward. I didn't feel called upon. I had told the Canuck that I was a Queen's Own man the night before. I bade him good-by a few days afterwards. We never explained matters to each other, but there was a military pass to Matthew Jones, 'F' Co., Queen's Own Rifles, in the hand that clasped mine in farewell. He only said, "Good-by, old chap. I'm something of a liar myself."

New York, Aug. '98.

### Turf Stories.

What Lewis Thought of Martinmas in the Great Futurity Race.

OF all the thousands who witnessed the great race for the Futurity stake at Sheepshead, only one had a right to say after the race was over, "I told you so."

That one was Harry Lewis, the clever rider who piloted Mr. Hendrie's Martinmas to victory.

There are some jockeys who always think they can win and always advise their friends accordingly, but Lewis does not belong to this class. I have often seen him shake his head dubiously when going to the post on a fairly good animal. He is anything but an optimist in racing matters, and this makes his unwavering faith in Martinmas all the more striking.

Mr. Hendrie knew him to be an astute rider and with everyone in Canada who has ever been acquainted with him, had perfect faith in his honesty. He entrusted him with the task of trying to win the greatest race of the year, and now the president of the Ontario Jockey Club is richer by \$40,000, besides having the honor of being the first Canadian to win this greatest of American turf events.

When Lewis was last summer I had a talk with him about two-year-olds, and mentioned the name of Martinmas. This son of Candlenas had been pointed out to me early in the spring by Mr. James Hendrie as the most promising colt at Valley Farm, and this he certainly appeared to be. Lewis fell in love with him at first sight, and when he rode him to victory in his first race was doubly pleased.

"This colt Martinmas is going to have a good chance in the Futurity," said he at Detroit.

At Fort Erie Martinmas won another stake with Lewis again on his back.

Next he went to Montreal to start in a two-year-old stake race there.

"Watch this colt run to-day," said Lewis, "and see if he don't look like a Futurity horse."

And how the colt did run! It was easy for him to win, and as Lewis patted his neck after the race he said: "Excuse me if I mention that I told you so. Harvey, Laverock, Term Day and this fellow are to be shipped to Saratoga, and from there this chestnut bay is going to Sheepshead for the Futurity."

"Do you really think he has a chance to win down there?" said I.

"Just as sure as he won here to-day," answered Lewis.

"But think of the class of horses he will meet there."

"I don't care what he meets," replied the jockey. "He classes as high as any of them and he'll win. He has never been extended in a race yet. Two or three times I have felt him raise under me for a hundred yards or so, and he is the fastest thing I ever sat on. He has more sense than any two-year-old that I know of, and at the post is as quiet as a lamb."

So Mr. Hendrie and Trainer White went with Lewis to Saratoga, and from there took Martinmas to Sheepshead Bay. Lewis never lost faith in the colt for an instant. Although he was a despised outsider in the betting at no less than 50 to 1, Lewis told every friend at the track to bet on him. How correct he was in his judgment was shown by the race. Martinmas, in a field of twenty-three of the choicest colts in America, won by three lengths.

And his faith in the horse was shown by the tactics he followed in the race. Martinmas drew twentieth position, being near the outer rail in what is called the

"potato patch," and in order to win had to cross in front of the others and reach the hard going on the inside of the track. If Lewis had not absolute confidence in his mount's speed he would never have dared to cross in front of such flyers as High Degree, Autumn, and Mr. Clay. Martinmas is the only colt that ever won the Futurity starting from the outer rail.

That game little mare, Alice Farley, has won so many races and shown such phenomenal speed that when she is entered in a race at a mile or upwards now, with 100 pounds to carry, all the other entries are frightened out, as was the case at Fort Erie the other day.

Last summer at Highland Park Mr. James Hendrie was very "sweet" on this filly, but the price asked did not suit him. It is rather unfortunate that she did not join the stable of the wearers of the brown and yellow, for she is an exceptional animal, and since the deal was talked of has won several times the amount of the price asked.

Harry Stover, owner of Nimrod, Pearl and half a dozen other horses, is one of the characters on the Canadian circuit. In the South he is called "the Snake," probably on account of his peculiar gait. The first time I saw him was at the opening race meeting at Grasse Point track, Detroit, where he was ruled off for alleged crooked work. He is a shrewd fellow and is unpopular with some people, who expect a horseman to tell all his business to the public. The running of his horses in Canada has never been questioned. His usual reply to seekers after stable information is: "I have to pay the feed bills and I guess I will keep my mind to myself."

Ben Ino, winner of the Queen's Plate, has at last won a race in the United States. On Saturday last she beat some mediocre horses at Saratoga. Many times this year she has finished second and third, and her failure to land in front more frequently is attributed to the fact that she has a disposition to sulk.

Joseph Seagram's horses are pretty well scattered now. Some are at the farm, some at the old Newmarket track, others at Fort Erie, and the rest at Saratoga.

JOHN F. RYAN.

### A Drowning Accident.

St. James's Budget.

ANDREW SMITH was drowned last August in the sea of life—in the dirty foaming whirlpool of London. He was a young man, twenty-two years old, with a very white countenance and

very white hands. His hair was black, his eyes were black, his clothes were black, but he was gradually paling with overwork. He was a walking study in black and white. He was of a slender, delicate make; his brow was rounded, his hands were small, his eyes large, with long lashes. He should have been a woman. Some men are only women disguised by fate. All women nowadays are men except in the trifling matter of sex.

He had come from Scotland and brought his pride with him. Poverty is not difficult to seek anywhere. He had obtained a weekly salary of fifteen shillings and a situation in a bookseller's shop. He had flitted about the six book-laden counters bearing whole piles of authors in his arms. He had exhibited Barrie and Crockett and Hope and Parker, and all the rest of the bookshop's tame menagerie, to fussy old ladies and fashionable young ones. He had said, with his body at an angle, and balancing Weyman or Miss Corelli on a finger and thumb, and wondering who the deuce they were, "I can recommend this to your ladyship's notice, and this one"—dragging Anthony Hope from a shelf—"is selling remarkably well—re-markably, madam."

But he grew very haggard-looking before the day was over, and he had pounced at last upon Crockett and all the rest of the hapless authors, and hustled them into their shelves, flinging them in with a bang, and leaving them for the night with an air of supreme contempt.

He went home through the humming streets to his board and lodging, the lodging of a bed and a small room, which—had the room been classed as human beings—would have been spoken of as "very

poorly," and the board consisting of a table and very little on it.

So Andrew Smith had lived for six months, languidly paddling his fifteen-shilling canoe, until one day it stove in upon the rocks of dismissal. And now he was struggling in the dirty whirlpool of London. He had floated for a month and he had grown weaker and weaker. The sea of life is a merciless one. It takes a long time to drown.

One day he was walking in the streets, rattling twopenny in his pocket. He halted before a bookshop and glanced up at the name in gilt letters—"Peter Home." He looked in at the window, and saw a little village lying at the knees of the great mountains, the blue sky, trees laden with singing choristers of the heavens. He saw a rippling burn with a bridge hanging over it. He saw boys bathing—white, like angels. London roared its loudness in his ear, but he heard the heather hissing in the wind. He heard the bleating of sheep, and the burn singing to itself. He rattled his twopenny in his pocket. Death is a dreadful thing.

He dived into the swirl and roar of the human current. He grew dizzy with the everlasting motion. He gazed at costly raiment—he looked down at his own seedy blacks. He gazed in at bakers' windows—he remembered that he was hungry. He halted a moment, worn out. A constable shouted, "Move on, there!" sternly. He moved on. He rattled his twopenny in his pocket. Death was a good friend.

At a corner of a quiet street a corps of the Salvation Army waged their noisy warfare. Men swayed, women screamed, a drum beat, tambourines clashed, and Andrew Smith stood in the street like a statue of Despair dressed in black clothes. A ghostly bell rang in his ears—"Peter Home."

"My friends, beware of the coils of the devil."

A red-nosed man was speaking, his cap in his hand. His hair was sleek with hair-oil. He spoke at the solitary man with the terrible face. He bawled at him.

"He sets snares for the unwary, he lies in ambush for the pilgrim, he besets the rich and the poor, he tempts you with gold, he tempts you with drink, by which I myself had nearly fallen—Glory be to God!"

"Peter Home, Peter Home." The bells rang in his ears. He wondered that nobody heard them.

"If ye suffer," bawled the red-nosed man, "be assured that it is as punishment for your sins. He makes you suffer to make you well. He draws all men to him by the strings of the heart. God bless you."

He put on his cap. The corps burst into a hymn, "Across the Plain to Bethlehem," and dashing into the black stream of humanity, vanished with a stifled scream.

The red banner waved for a moment over the black crowds, like the mast of a ship in a stormy sea, and was gone.

Andrew Smith was walking fast through the reeling streets. His hands were clenched. A thought whipped him on like a tired horse.

"He makes you suffer." His heart was a fire. It lit his eyes like rubies.

"Peter Home," rang the bells.

"He makes you suffer to make you well!"

"Peter Home, Peter Home."

He was leaning upon a bridge. He looked down into the water. It was black, shining like glass. The river was like a nursery for ships. The sun hung low, like a great red lantern in the mist.

"Peter Home."

Curse those bells. He had no home—no home. The world was crammed. The world was empty.

Which was best—that black river down below—that black river up above? Which more merciful?

He sprang to his feet. The bells jangled.

The crowd heard his cry, and looked up in passing. A black figure swayed on the parapet against the blood-red sun.

A dockman down below, looking up with Her Golden Hair cut short on his lips, beheld something like a black arrow shoot from the bow of life, and hit the universal target.

A dull roar reached his ear from above, resembling a hum of applause following a good bit at a rifle range.

Death is a crack shot.



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## Anecdotal.

A Maine paper prints a story of a  
witness who refused to tell the amount of  
his gross income. Finally, when the  
judge ordered him to answer the question,  
he said: "Your honor, I have no gross  
income; I'm a fisherman of Machias Bay,  
and it's all net."

The educated Jap has a sense of humor.  
The Melbourne *Argus* tells of an officer on  
a Japanese war-ship who wore his war  
medals close under the lapel of his coat.  
A Melbourne gentleman told him that  
British officers wore their medals on their  
left breasts. "Ah but these are only  
Chinese medals," smiled the Jap. "I am  
keeping the lower space for the medals I  
win against Russia."

At a concert in Toronto not long ago the  
stage manager was approached by a  
young lady who was about to sing. "I  
was going to sing the Blue Danube," she  
said, "but that other girl sang it." "You  
must sing something else," said the gen-  
tleman. "I have nothing else suitable,"  
she replied, "and I can sing the Blue  
Danube twice as loud as she did—and I'm  
going to do it." And she did it.

A little boy named Peter, at a Public  
school, saw his teacher faint and fall. In  
the general confusion it was impossible  
to keep so many curious heads cool, and  
the little ones flocked around the prostrate  
lady and her sympathizing colleagues.  
But this small boy kept both his color and  
his coolness. Standing on a bench, and  
raising his hand, he exclaimed: "Please,  
teacher, can I run home and tell father to  
come? He makes coffins!"

The Australian volunteers who went on  
the Nile expedition in 1885 brought home  
with them a donkey which was put on  
view in the Zoo in Sydney. As the don-  
key was the only thing that Australia had  
to show for an expenditure of £250,000, it  
became the focal habit to speak of the  
donkey as having cost that sum. "I am  
sorry to say," remarked Sir Henry Parkes  
on one occasion, "that it is not the only  
donkey that has cost us £250,000."

Speaking of donkeys, here is another  
story of one, although the truth contained  
in this may be allegorical: "A donkey  
stepped into a store one day, and asked  
for the proprietor, who walked out of his  
private office to meet him, but was sur-  
prised to see a donkey in his store. 'Why  
are you here?' he asked. 'You know that  
this is no place for a donkey,' I am here,  
said the donkey, 'because I saw your ad-  
vertisement on the fence that surrounds  
my pasture. I knew that you, too, must  
be a donkey, or you would have placed  
the advertisement in a live newspaper, where  
it would be read by people, not donkeys.  
Being lonesome to-day, I thought I would  
be neighborly and call on you.'"

When Wilhelmina, who is soon to be

Visiting  
Cards

The Exhibition brings most  
folks home—the cool weather  
gives another hint. Summer cot-  
tages will soon be deserted.

Let us replenish your card case  
with finely engraved copper-plate  
calling cards

\$1 for 100

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,  
"The Bookshop,"  
No. 8 King Street West.

crowned Queen of the Netherlands, was a  
little child, she was hardly ever seen by  
her father, owing to his resentment that  
a son had not been given him. Her  
mother, the Queen, planned a ruse to win  
King William's favor for his little girl.  
One morning, at breakfast, as he bent  
over to inhale the fragrance from a great  
bank of roses which filled the center of  
the table, a baby face peeped out, and two  
baby arms crept around his neck, while a  
tiny voice cried out, "Oh, papa, take me  
out of the flowers; they prick me so." From  
that minute, so runs the tale, the  
King's heart softened and the little Wil-  
helmina became a great favorite.

A well known and extremely popular  
clergyman of the city has been summering  
on Toronto Island and knocks about like  
other canoeists in knickerbockers and a  
red sweater. A few days ago he was mis-  
taken for a Salvation Army man, and  
reputed the suggestion indignantly. This  
quite disturbed him, but he was re-  
conciled to his red sweater the following  
day, just before one of the Eastern League  
ball games, when some young fellows  
stopped suddenly before him and said:  
"Hallo, are you not going to play to-day?"  
"No," he said, "I'm not in to-day's game."  
The fans were most disappointed; and  
the clergyman chuckles to think that he  
is mistaken for a professional baseball  
player.

Here is a good story of an old colored  
man who asked a white man if he could  
give him work. The white man asked  
the negro if he had a boat. When the  
negro replied, "Yes, boss," the white  
man responded, "Well, you see all that  
driftwood floating down the river?" "Yes,  
sah," was the reply. "Well, then," con-  
tinued the white man, "you row out in the  
river and catch that driftwood, and I'll  
give you half you get." The colored  
man worked hard for a while, when all of  
a sudden he stopped and pulled for the  
shore. On being asked the reason for his  
return, he replied: "Dat wood is just as  
much mine as't is his. I ain't gwine to  
give him any, and so I'm out of work  
ag'in."

In a central Ontario town one day last  
week a vanload of prohibition enthusiasts,  
mostly of the fair sex, started out to a  
neighboring village to stir up the natives  
and set the ball in motion. On arriving  
they formed up with a large paper banner  
in front bearing the inscription: "We are  
Prohibitionists," and marched in pro-  
cession through the principal street. Re-  
turning to the hotel, they all went in to  
lunch, leaving their banner in the outer  
hall. Meanwhile, a local wag, on wicked  
mischief bent, spied the banner and secur-  
ing a stencil pot and brush, supplemented  
the inscription in large letters with the  
following: "So Don't Monkey With Us." The  
subsequent usefulness of the banner was  
largely discounted.

A poor workman of Cologne, known by  
every one not to possess a farthing, put  
down his name for twenty marks (five  
dollars) on a subscription list which was  
circulated in the city in order to purchase  
a present for Bismarck's seventieth birth-  
day. The workman was receiving an al-  
lowance from the public-relief fund, and  
the overseer of the parish, seeing his name  
on the subscription list, sent for the man  
and said to him: "Now, what do you  
mean by this? Aren't you getting parish  
pay?" "Yes, sir." "Then I should like  
to know how you are able to give twenty  
marks toward the testimonial to Prince  
Bismarck?" "I don't intend to give them,  
sir, if you please." "Well, what did you  
put your name down for, then?" "Why,  
I haven't paid anything, and when they  
come for the money I shall just ask them  
to let me off with so many days in jail!"  
The poor fellow was much disappointed to  
learn that police-court methods would not  
work in this case.

## Would Prohibition Prohibit?

Toronto Junction Tribune.

One day last week the editor of the  
*Tribune* noticed that his tomato vines  
were being stripped of their leaves in  
several places—the bare stock only being  
left. A close examination revealed the  
presence of a large slug as long and as  
thick as a man's finger, exactly the color  
of the plant with a head something like a  
zebra or horse, with four double rows of  
feet and a tail about an eight of an  
inch long. A thorough examination be-  
ing made eighteen to twenty of the voracious  
slugs were found—often undisturb-  
able at first by sight, but on listen-  
ing intently they could actually be heard  
chewing away at the stalk of the tomatoes.

Hotel Clerk—What time do you wish to  
be called in the morning? Farmer—I  
don't want to be called at all, and I won't  
stop at your tavern if I have ter git up  
before four! Do I?—Punch.

## A Lady Tells How She Supports Herself

and Family.

"I often read of ladies who work hard  
trying to earn enough to keep body and  
soul together and for their benefit I will  
relate how easily one can get along in the  
world if they only know how. There is  
a big firm in Pittsburgh that manufac-  
tures flavoring powders. I had tried them  
myself and knew they were splendid, so  
sent for samples and tried selling them. I  
found it so pleasant and easy that I have  
kept right at it and never make less than  
\$3 a day and often clear more than \$5.  
The powders go twice as far as the liquid  
extracts sold in stores and are much  
stronger. I sell from one to eight different  
flavors in each house. They are used for  
ice cream, custards, cakes, candies, etc.,  
and are so delicate and give such a rich  
flavor that everywhere I go I gain a per-  
manent customer. Those of your readers  
who would like to make money can get  
full particulars by writing to W. H. Baird  
& Co., Station A, Pittsburgh, Pa., who are  
the manufacturers of Baird's Non-Alcoholic  
Flavoring Powders. This firm is very  
energetic and liberal as they will give you  
a good start. I hope all ladies in need of  
money making employment will write to  
this firm as I know they can do just as  
well as I did, and \$3 to \$5 a day gives one  
a very comfortable living. I support my-  
self and family nicely and we have a good  
many comforts we never had before."  
—L.

## The Ethics of Health.

Relating to Boys.

THAT it is a shame to be ill is  
not a remark which com-  
mends itself to the world at  
large, one half of which has  
something wrong with it ex-  
ternally or internally. For  
my own part I am always distinctly  
ashamed of my ailments, most of which  
have been traceable to want of sense and  
lack of knowledge which I might easily  
have obtained but for sloth and indiffer-  
ence. It is a high and sacred duty to take  
such intelligent care of one's body as to  
ensure it against most of the foolishness  
posing as inevitable sickness, of one sort  
or another. Taking cold is nearly always  
a stupid performance, due to lack of fore-  
sight and observation. The sins of eating  
and drinking account for the punishment  
of many a headache, and divers sorts of  
death in life. A doctor tells a man with  
disease fastening upon him that so long  
as he refuses to diet himself or abstain  
from liquor of one or many brews, he  
won't get better. In nine cases out of ten  
the man waits until he is flattened out  
by the trouble before he gives up the  
pernicious food or the poison-  
ous beverage. The doctors sometimes  
don't even go through the face  
of advising in good time, knowing the  
patient will not take warning. But  
once get a man or a woman awake to the  
fact that it is a shame not to be healthy,  
and we shall see a change. The drunkard  
does not go about telling everyone that  
his hand shakes so that he is afraid to  
shake his chin; he grows a beard or goes  
to the barber and is silent, because he  
acknowledges that his inability is shame-  
ful and that men know it. The women—  
but women are queer this way; it is  
better to let them alone. They will drink  
and call it heart failure, and over-eat them-  
selves and call it heart failure, and lace too  
tight and call it heart failure, and be as  
talkative and as brazen as you please  
about it. If once they, with their keener  
feelings, could be made ashamed of their  
symptoms on account of their true cause,  
we should have a dearth of heart failure.  
Likewise, we should have no nervous  
prostration if women were as careful and  
as intelligent about guarding their health  
as they are about their visiting-list. We  
should have much bathing and a good  
deal of brisk walking, and long breath-  
ings, and low, gentle tones, and  
smooth foreheads, and unlined faces, and  
beauty of face and comeliness of figure,  
if only everybody would please waken up  
to the disgrace of being a weakling in  
body or in mind.

Just now they are wakening and the  
minds and bodies are at war. The mind  
says thou shalt not; the slothful, enervated  
body says I must. And for a time the  
strife is wrecking our women and the  
private hospital is jammed. But there is  
arising a new creation, a woman-wonder,  
she of the greater stature and freer mind,  
whose strong body, well developed and  
well cared for, says gaily, "I will,"  
when the evenly poised mind gives its  
sovereign command. Let us put our best  
prayers up for such women. The new cre-  
ation should show us a new people  
with plenty of fresh air in our lungs,  
of muscle and spring, and quick, well-  
tinted blood in our veins; women to  
whom wifehood is a joy and mother-  
hood a holy and earnest treasure, but  
who depend for a happy existence on  
neither. Men get their inspiration from  
women—there is no use shirking it, my  
sisters. If the woman can't inspire her  
man to the achievement, or the denial, or  
the endurance which brings out his best  
nature, she is a wretched failure. I wonder  
how this notion would agree with Susan  
B. Anthony *et al*? They would prob-  
ably send their noses up in indignant  
sniffs, but it is true all the same, and is  
one of the reasons why the healthy  
woman is going to lift up humanity in the  
next few years to a buoyancy and a courage  
which it needs badly enough.

Ask four-fifths of Oriental women what  
is the greatest honor which women can  
attain to, and the answer will be, "To be  
the mother of sons." I wonder what our  
more advanced civilization would answer  
to the same question? But the sons are a  
problem just now which many mothers  
are struggling with. The conditions under  
which a boy grows up are so complex  
and so different, the way is so devi-  
ous and the by-paths so many. The son  
does not care for the shop, or the farm,  
or the church, or the law, or the studio, as  
the father did. The mother, herself de-  
veloping, has given his nature her restless-  
ness, and he oftentimes "don't no where  
he are!" Formerly, here and there, a  
gifted mother endowed her sons with the  
pains of an original nature. Now, as women  
advance, still in a turmoil of new experi-  
ences, they combat the father's influence  
on higher grounds, and the race of young  
men are feeling the benefit or the distress  
of it. The mother's sympathies are  
nearly always with the boy who wants to  
break away. She is responsible, though  
she may not have thought of it in that  
way. And the stirring and unrest of the  
world, from the highest to the lowest, is  
the result of the mother's mind being  
wakened but not poised equally. What  
sort of men the ideal woman we are  
realizing will produce is not doubtful.  
They will know where they are, and it  
will be a pretty exalted place, I am think-  
ing.

LADY GAY.

## How Thin You Look!

Do you like to hear it? If not, take  
Scott's Emulsion. 'Twill fill out your  
sunkken eyes, hollow cheeks, and thin  
hands. Why not have a plump figure?  
Don't let disease steal a march on you.

An acquaintance, meeting an Irishman  
carrying a small box, asked him what it  
contained. "Sure, an' it's full of nothing,"  
replied the son of Erin. "Nothing!" ex-  
claimed the other. "And pray what does  
nothing look like?" "Faith, an' if ye'll  
shut your eyes, ye'll be after seein' it im-  
mediately."—*Chicago News*.



Mabel—I think it's cruel to shoot birds, Ronald.  
Ronald—Then why do you wear the wings of one in your hat!—Punch.

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every  
graphological study sent in. The Editor re-  
quests correspondents to observe the following  
Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist  
of at least six lines of original matter, includ-  
ing several capital letters. 2. Letters will be  
answered in their order, unless under unusual  
circumstances. Correspondents need not take  
up their own and the Editor's time by writing  
reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-  
tions, scraps or postal cards are not studied.  
4. Please address Correspondence Column.  
Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons  
are not studied.

CLEOPATRA.—Your writing shows quick wit  
and decided cleverness. You are indeed a  
bright and gifted person, with much force and  
snap and a keen and perceptive mind. You  
are reasonably hopeful, very constant, and at  
times disposed to loquacity; also you are a bit  
emotional and inclined to sentiment. Don't  
allow yourself to act on impulse in these  
matters. Keep cool, and put a damper on the  
fire at all times.

JACK IT.—Is that so? Well, the Reformers  
are satisfied, and so no one seems to have any  
protest ready. Party "are" not a plural noun,  
my boy. 2. Yours is a queer study—eratic,  
apt at pessimism, averse to being influenced,  
and unlikely to succumb to emotional impulse,  
rather solutions of appearances, bright and, I  
fear, inconstant. There is a great deal of crude  
force in this study, and an original and uncom-  
promising method; writer is emphatic and  
lacks sympathy and tact.

WHITE ROSE.—You love pretty and appropri-  
ate surroundings, are imaginative, dainty  
and refined; feminine in all your thoughts and  
ways, and somewhat original in ideas. A quiet  
but strongly marked individuality and a tend-  
ency to idealize are yours. You should have  
lofty standards, and rather a high-strung  
nature. A good deal of discretion and some  
impatience are shown. The character has  
great sweetness but lacks poise.

RETA.—This is the writing of a person  
cherishing kindly and friendly feelings to the  
world in general, and taking her pleasure in  
double measure when sharing it with others.  
Humor, perception, constancy, imagination,  
adaptability and good temper are shown. Some  
tenacity of opinion, with practical and rather  
original mind. Would be a good friend, and if  
a fault is evident it may be a lack of concen-  
tration and a disposition to careless methods.

CANADIAN GIRL.—I expect you have  
begun to think you were undergoing another  
disappointment, you have had so long to wait.  
2. Your writing shows optimism and a little  
ambition; very even and calm temper, honesty  
and discretion. You are methodical, persistent,  
with what is called a long head, and a great  
lack of imagination. Perhaps you are not very  
old; you are impressionable, good-natured,  
and the study gives me the notion that you  
would be rather a commonplace and occasion-  
ally tiresome companion to a nervous and  
quick-tempered person.

AUNT RYDER.—This is a sensible and rather  
dainty person, with a good deal of gentle  
energy and a tendency to enthusiasm. The  
lines indicate taste and some artistic percep-  
tion. Writer is practical and has good logical  
mind. The temper may at times be warm and  
the judgment sharp. The character should be  
carefully disciplined by self-restraint and a de-  
termined effort to sympathize with an ap-  
preciate others. A little sweetening and broad-  
ening will make it a very beautiful one.

BABIE MALONE.—A fine, dashing, free and  
decided person, tenacious, emphatic, brightly  
perceptive and capable of developing a small  
whirlwind under provocation. This woman  
has no cool and indifferent nature. She is  
keenly alive, apt to be energetic and fond of  
motion, extremely cautious in matters of trust,  
and very well able to take care of herself. She  
would not easily change opinions, habits or  
surroundings, and would be apt to cling to  
traditions and conservatism. She has ambi-  
tions and could work steadily to realize them.

COLLEGE GIRL.—I should be rather ashamed  
to have the paternal verdict as you quote it.  
Your calm request that I shall make what I  
can out of your wavering and ungaily lines is  
superb. I could make things for which you'd  
never forgive me, but I won't. By the by,  
would you kindly tell your friend whose study  
came with yours that I cannot decipher her  
*nom de plume*. I suppose she intended it for  
Greek, but the living languages would have  
done her better service. You and she will both  
be fine women in time. She has the more force  
and snap. Some day I hope to have the  
pleasure of doing a study for you when you  
grow up.

MARK BEKRAP.—I am afraid you must find  
your own reason for not receiving an answer.  
I have not heard of you before that I am  
aware. It is a remarkably original writing, at  
all events. You have much imagination,  
ideality, and plenty and quickness of thought,  
decision and love of fitness; large generosity,  
soaring ambition, excellent self-preservation,  
and an off hand and seemingly careless method.  
It is the writing of a clever but not con-  
siderate person, with too much force for easy going and  
too little patience with weakness in others. I  
should fancy your abounding vitality would  
sometimes inspire and sometimes exasperate  
all and singular of your acquaintances.

THE GANDOLIN.—It is the writing of a rest-  
less, erratic and self-conscious person, awayed

by many influences and wasting strength  
which, properly directed, would be a great and  
successful force. The temperament is mer-  
curial and the impulse unreliable. Candor  
and caution, hope and despondency are about  
equally and most forcibly shown. Controlled  
by sure judgment and justice this would mean  
a fine study. It does not so appear. There is  
more dash than backbone. When put on your  
mettle and conscious of the fact you can do  
great things, but it doesn't last; at the same  
time, of this stuff good pioneers are sometimes  
made. I wish you the best of luck and trust  
your faults are to be laid to youth. Some time  
will probably work their cure.

## It is in the Nature of Things

That, as age advances with its concomi-  
tants of wear and tear, some parts of the  
delicate machinery of the body, upon  
which health and vigor depend, should  
suffer derangement. Feelings of wear-  
iness, listlessness, or despondency are the  
signals that Nature throws out to warn,  
and woe to him who neglects these warn-  
ings, for severe are the penalties she ex-  
acts. To quicken into new vigor the fail-  
ing energies; to impart, with certainty,  
tone to the nervous system; to renew its  
one-time force; these are the special ten-  
dencies of the wondrous tonic and nutri-  
ent, Maltine with Coca Wine. It gives  
strength to the nervous system and is  
thus a "nerve restorer;" it increases nu-  
trition, and is, therefore, a "body builder."  
Maltine with Coca Wine, by its power to  
add to nerve force and to increase weight,  
will be found by the debilitated and weak  
"a veritable life-giver." Maltine with  
Coca Wine is not a patent medicine. Its  
composition may be known to you, as it  
has long been known and subscribed to by  
the medical profession. Maltine with  
Coca Wine gives strength, vigor and  
health. Sold by all druggists.

## The Ally in Cuba.

Chicago Record.

He's wearing Johnson's blanket and three-  
quarters of his kit—  
It stood beside poor Johnson when the whist-  
ling bullet hit;

It struck him at the middle and he doubled  
back;

And a Cuban has inherited his tools of soldiery—  
His greasy frying-pan;

He hadn't time to will it,  
But the heir-at-law was waiting crouched be-  
hind a handy tree.

He's chewing Jim's tobacco and is smoking  
John's pipe;

Poor Johnson fell just like the fruit that frost  
finds overripe;

He fell without a quiver, with a ball in his in-  
side,

And this quick party had his goods almost  
before he died—

His summer socks—I wonder  
If ever he felt under

His sole a pair of Christian socks—or anything  
but hid.

He's lying in the shadow clad in Johnson's  
extra shirt;

It has the stain of Cuban sweat, also of Cuban  
dirt.

Jim clucked it with the other things that  
weighted down his pack.

When we were getting ready for the sugar-  
house attack—

And Mr. Ally saw it;  
It took two winks to draw it.

Around his form; for sake of ease he ripped it  
down the back.

He's chewing Jim's tobacco and he's indolently  
gay;

He's bolting down—substance that came here  
marked "U.S.A."

He'll pretty soon sink into rest upon an easy  
bed.

Made out of blankets lately owned by gentle-  
men now dead.

He's got enough of victuals  
And pots and pans and kettles

To last him for whatever life remains for him  
ahead.

Oh, Cuba! Cuba libre! How my heart in rap-  
ture swells

In contemplation of your men, their habits and  
their smells!

It fills my utmost being with a sort of holy awe,  
To gaze upon our allies, which the likes I never  
saw.

Dozin' among their plunder  
Each one commands my wonder,

But chiefly do I marvel at Jim Johnson's heir-  
at-law.

To BURN,  
To CRACK,  
To DESTROY,

IS THE MISSION OF MOST  
LEATHER DRESSINGS.

To Soften, to Toughen, to Sustain,  
to Prolong Wear and Impart a  
High Lustre is the mission of

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goes, and down it goes. What im-  
purities went down with it—can  
you guess?

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8



## Art at the Industrial Exhibition.

FROM the amount of pains taken to give effective notice to the different manufactures of the country, the ingenuity displayed in exhibiting them and the all-consuming prominence given to them almost to the exclusion of all else, one would be led to disbelieve the truth that man does not live by bread alone, and that life does indeed consist in the abundance of things we possess; that in producing these "things" for the better grooming and housing of this fearfully and wonderfully constructed animal which bears us about and does our bidding, man has reached the limit of his powers of production, and that the *summum bonum* of life is to be found in the absorption of these same things. Although who believes that the thing we value most and make most for our intensest satisfaction are to be purchased with money? We commend the practical wisdom of the poet who said that had he the means to purchase but two loaves of bread he would buy one loaf only and invest the rest in a hyacinth. Wise man! He knew how to get the most for his money.

The individual is improvident who ignores the claims of any part of his nature but that which can be preserved by "things." He lacks true business capacity for the present, and is guilty of shortsightedness for the future. The country also which ignores the aesthetic is preparing the way for its demoralization and decay.

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.  
And so we are glad the aesthetic nature is not quite ignored in the present Industrial Exhibition. One could wish that the distinction between the commerce and the art were more marked. We still feel somewhat of the essence of the market as we step into the art department. We are still in the shop, where every available space is crowded to exhibit these "goods" also to the best advantage, for though it may be an excellent display of art it cannot be said to be an artistic display. The reason of this is to be found solely in the fact that the space allotted to the display of art, in its present disposition, is not conducive to artistic arrangement. Four square walls of one room, on which are huddled about 370 pictures, do not admit of much effective or congenial grouping. While

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"And this, my child, was your first mother."  
"Why, pa, did you marry twice?"  
"Your Mother Eve, my dear—and wonderfully like."—Pick-Me-Up.

special exhibits in side apartments have objectionable features, few of these pictures receive that intelligent judging they merit until removed from the midst of this medley and placed in those surroundings which will best bring out their respective merits. To do this with every picture is to attempt the impossible and the absurd; but sufficient space to admit of more congenial grouping, lessening of the difficulty of selection always experienced by a viewer thrust into the midst of so much and so vastly differing objects, is a necessity of a successful and intelligent art representation. This can be done much more effectively in several rooms than in one, even should these latter be on a smaller scale than the one large room. At least there should be different compartments for the oil and water-colors and as much freedom as possible for an artistic arrangement of these. We have got beyond the village fair in having our pictures separated from the crocheted quilts and crazy patchwork, but the step we have taken is not a very long one. Our art is still part of the show and still smacks of the country village in its arrangement. But in spite of this drawback we have a very excellent display much in advance of previous years.

Through the generosity of several prominent and art-loving citizens many valuable works of British and foreign artists, which would, in all probability have never been seen by the large majority of those attending the Fair, are on the walls. These of themselves would constitute a desirable and profitable exhibition. R. Y. Ellis, James Wylie, W. D. Anderson, John Henderson, J. J. Palmer, W. Christie, W. Stone, B. B. Osler, James Blackley and others have loaned of their art treasures. The two water-colors of the Italian artist, Diani, loaned by Mrs. J. J. Palmer, will hold the attention of all lovers of art in the vicinity of drawing, extreme richness of color, well high insensible gradations in tones, and many other good qualities. The Last Chance, by Nelson Dawson; Apple Orchards, by Collings; Ile St. Denis, by Frere; two autumn scenes by Meade, and two water-colors by Strange, all will well repay study. To the Scotchman we particularly commend the two Scotch scenes by A. Mackenzie. He will find much to recall his native land in The School, from the well painted spinning-wheel by the ingle "neuk"; the lively fiddle, to the music of which he may perchance have snapped fingers; the "kist" in the corner, and the "bannet," and the wee brown jug in its hole in the "wa"; to the principal figures, the old man and the mischievous urchins, who study under him the language of the bagpipes, all essentially Scotch. There are other foreign works, the names of which will be found in the catalogue.

To come to local art. All the members of the Ontario Society of Artists are creditably represented. Nothing distinguishingly great has been attempted, but a general higher grade of excellence is very apparent. A less tentative and more certain technique; a reaching out after, and closer approach to, desired ideals; a keener realization and comprehension of the subjects attempted, are all distinguishing features of this year's effort. Some new names we see whose work gives promise of future perfection. Among these most conspicuous are Sylvester Pendleton and A. H. Fleming, both of whose works merit attention. Mr. Fleming displays much versatility of talent, obtaining excellent effects in a variety of subjects, 290 and 313 being perhaps his best. F. H. Bridger, Owen P. Staples, C. Jeffrey, J. D. Kelly and D. Kidd are the younger members of the profession following closely in the footsteps of their elders, although maintaining a marked and distinguished individuality. F. H. Bridger's Golden Rod and O. P. Staples' Spring contain much merit. Miss S. May Martin is also an industrious and conscientious member of the O.S.A., and contributes several pieces. G. Chavignaud displays unquestioned artistic merit in his several water-colors. Miss Spurr's excellent Pheasant and Miss Farncom's Doves are tender in color and expressive in arrangement. Miss Muntz shows a delightful interior, with subdued color and minute detail. Light Literature by A. B. Allen, Miss McConnell's Dutch Home, F. S. Challenor's Sewing Lesson, and J. M. Kidd's Interior of a Church, are all deserving of attention.

All the older members of the O.S.A. are characteristically and creditably represented, and like Moses, despite his wilderness journey of forty years, have still an undimmed eye and show no abatement of natural force; indeed, they have never been better represented. E. Wylie Grier has certainly not often surpassed his effort in his portrait of E. F. B. Johnston, Q.C., which is such a prominent feature of the south wall, and J. W. L. Forster's bright and vivacious portrait of Mr. Pennycook is as pleasing an example of his work as has been before exhibited. W. A. Sherwood, too, seems to have been relaxing none of his devotion to his art, and in his little figure-piece (317) he has been nearing his ideals more surely. Several marines and a Jubilee scene, bright, full of interesting details, and valuable historically, represent F. M. Bell-Smith, whose works have been so long before a Toronto public and elsewhere. A very charming little water-color, with foreground filled with delightful color and much detail, and a scene of the hunt, in which some very energetic dogs are in hot pursuit of the game and evidently alive to the responsibilities of their occupation, are W. D. Blatchly's best.

G. Bruenech, who has lately experienced a long established fact that the gifts of prophets are more easily recognized outside of their own country, has several works, the most pleasing being a marine, the life of whose waters is so distinctly felt, without apparently any effort being made on their part to make it so.

W. Cutts is also at his best in his scene on Dorset coast, with its shimmering moonlight streaming over the dark waters as they break into gleaming surf against huge and forbidding rocks.

A cluster of lilacs, of much grace of composition, full of vitality and pleasing color, and other flower pieces, are contributed by R. F. Gagen, as are also several scenes in water-colors, the most important being his New England Stream, in which the dark shadows of neighboring mountains and trees are thrown so heavily over the stream in strong contrast to the light which floods the landscape at different points. Mr. Gagen has also a bright and effective landscape in oil, its chief charm being the sunlight, which falls so gloriously on the distant hills.

Harmony, by F. McE. Knowles, with its dainty figure full of grace and light, is a pleasing picture, as are others by the same artist.

C. M. Manly delights in purple heather, woolly sheep, moist atmosphere, stormy clouds, and has given some of these. Chester Cathedral, by H. Martin, is one of his several good water-colors, and contains Mr. Martin's characteristic delicacy of coloring and chasteness of style.

Some mountains in the Rockies are T. Mower Martin's best. Mr. Martin has done much to keep before us the distinguishing characteristics of our Canadian scenery in its more untutored moods.

Two water-colors, Cows at Pasture and a delightful study of Weeds, the work of M. Matthews, speak the refinement and delicacy of treatment which characterize all Mr. Matthews' work.

The sunlight still streams through the living foliage and over the whole landscape, filling the scenes with warmth and glory, in the water-colors of L. R. O'Brien.

A Lonely Spot, by T. H. Wilkinson, is a serious and inviting scene and maintains its place among our artists.

Of Miss Tully's different pieces one can not speak too highly. The head with its exquisitely modeled features and truthful color, the old lady whose every line speaks her declining years, the Dutch street with its gray Holland feeling, are all the efforts of intuitive art.

J. T. Rolph succeeds in telling his story completely by the careful attention to minute details.

The delightful harmony of subdued color, and exquisite grace of composition of Mrs. M. H. Reid's roses, make unquestionable the fact that we have a Canadian artist whose roses, we think, will not easily be surpassed. Not only in flowers does Mrs. Reid excel, as her Moonlight on the Catskills reveals.

The landscape by Homer Watson merits much attention with its moving masses of fleecy clouds, its distant dreamy aerial and flat perspective, its strong contrasts of light and shade, and pervading air of substantiality. Mr. Watson's work is not a whit behind any English artist represented there, and demonstrates this fact, that an artist can flourish in Canada.

One of the most prominent pieces of local art is that of the president of the O.S.A., G. A. Reid, entitled The Story Teller. Mr. Reid contributes several others, all having the touches of a great artist in their grasp of the elements which constitute art, and in his rendering of these elements by hue and color in such method as to give place and conspicuousness to those features which he so truly conceives to be the art value of his subject.

Any of Mr. Reid's works will repay study. But in his Story Teller he has, besides accomplishing an artistic triumph, dealt with a very sympathetic subject! That man's aesthetic education should hardly be considered complete, who has never sat in a hay mow and listened to a story by a chum, and if the rain patters a symphony overhead in accompaniment, so much the more delicious. The light which streams through the aperture touching the shaggy crowns of the fascinated listeners, and lighting the face of the speaker, shows us the artistic merits of the scene, which are many. The same delicate play of light, and soft, almost imperceptible modulations of subdued color, are visible in the Old Lady by the same artist.

Have we no Canadian sculptor? Or is it that we cannot yet appreciate this art of arts, that we have not been asked to contemplate any examples of it?

To those interested in the significant beginnings of things, the amateur department on the top story will contain much of interest. Miss Evangeline Bell-Smith has a variety of subjects in a variety of mediums; Miss A. McNulty a very artistic vase and daffodils; E. Earl, some realistic still life; Miss Millie A. Kemp, a donkey of much intellectuality and decision of character; Miss F. M. Bailey, a live dog and some inviting onions, good in color and almost odoriferous; W. H. Abbott, a brilliant little landscape, which should insist on being hung downstairs; J. C. Holson and H. C. Armstrong, designs of much delicacy and utility; A. E. Armstrong and E. Markle paint well from life. Flowers are numerous, industrial designing also. Two very good designs for cretonne we noticed: pen and ink sketches and drawing from the antique all speak well for Canada's art future if the cold blasts of want of public appreciation and indifference do not nip in the bud these flowers of promise.

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**DRY ROYAL**

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Detroit Free Press.  
"It's all in understanding the little weaknesses of human nature," was the remark overheard on the ferryboat the other evening where a complacent young man was making confidants of a couple of his old cronies. "You fellows thought that I'd never get her, but it's all fixed. Parents have consented and date is named."

"No! Congratulations, old man. You're a general, sure."  
"Thanks. I saw where they were vulnerable, don't you see? The old gentleman wanted to know what practical training I had and how I would manage to make a living. I told him that there was nothing to fear so long as he lived to advise me, and that when he was gone I would have his daughter, who inherited his strong common sense and sound judgment. He pulled up like a pointer pigeon, was glad he had learned to know me, would give me a good start and then give me the benefit of his experience as it might be needed."

"The dear old lady manifested a fear that I was mercenary, doubted my constancy and demanded to know if I would still love her daughter when she grew old. 'Mother,' I said, making a bold stroke, 'she comes of a family that never grows old.' That settled it, and the parents seem about as happy as we do."

**A Tea That Tempts the Taste.**  
A while ago, one hundred thousand trial packages of Monsoon Indo-Ceylon Tea were distributed through Canadian homes, with a request for a comparison to prove that Monsoon, while it does not cost any more than others, is a more delicious tea in body and flavor than any other, and of such substance that it will go further in use than the others. The result of this distribution of samples direct among families has been a wholesome thirst for the finest package tea in the market. Widespread advertising of a tea familiarizes the public with its name—but the superb tea qualities of Monsoon, which prove it the best tea and the tea that goes farthest, are being tested everywhere with the tea from the package. Dealers who handle Monsoon Tea regard it with special favor because it satisfies a taste which has grown tired of other teas—and with Monsoon as the prime favorite dealers need not stock up with the other kinds.





## MUSIC

Like Horowitz Barnay, in an article in the *Deutsche Revue*, gives Liszt's own most interesting account of the meeting of this greatest of all pianists with Beethoven, the greatest of all composers. It will well bear reproduction here: "I was about eleven years old when my teacher, Czerny, took me to Beethoven. He had previously spoken to him about me, and requested him to hear me. But Beethoven had such a strong dislike to infant prodigies that he firmly refused to see me. At length, overcome by Czerny's persistence, he said emphatically, 'In God's name, then, bring the Racker!' It was about ten o'clock a.m. when we entered the two little rooms in the Schwartz pianohouse. I was timid, but Czerny encouraged me. Beethoven sat at a long, narrow table by the window and was at work. He looked at us gloomily for a while, said a few words to Czerny, and remained silent while my teacher pointed to the piano. I played a short piece by Ries. When I finished, Beethoven asked me if I could play a Bach fugue. I chose the C minor fugue from the Wohltemperierten Clavier. 'Could you transpose the fugue into another key?' he asked. Luckily I could. After the final chord I looked up. The dark, glowing eyes of the great master turned a penetrating look on me. Then a gentle smile came over his sad features, he stooped down, laid his hand on my head and stroked my hair. 'Devil's brat,' he said, 'such a Racker!' I took courage and asked, 'May I play something of yours?' He smiled and nodded. I played the first movement of the C major concerto. When I had ended Beethoven took me by both hands, kissed me on the brow and said softly, 'Go, you are among the happy ones. You will make happy and gladden many others. There is nothing better, more beautiful.' Liszt told the story with deep emotion and with tears in his voice. After a pause in silence he added: 'This event of my life has been my greatest pride—the palladium of my whole artistic career. I very seldom mention it, and only to good friends.'

Mr. A. F. Tindall, a prominent English musician, is not very favorably impressed with the usefulness of some of the examination schemes of leading musical educational institutions of the Old Country. In a letter to the *Musical Opinion* he observes: "What shall we say of composition? Where is the English school which should have blossomed forth from all this planting, developing and examining? Echo answers, Where? When we omit Sullivan's, I doubt if scarcely any of the music of our age will live. The few flowers of our national garden bloomed before all this culture. Not that I would infer that culture is a mistake. No! I would say with Beethoven, 'We have not studied enough; or, as the Scripture has it, 'We are busy about many things, but one thing is needful'—the fostering of genius and the invoking of inspiration. It is a sad but true fact that too much mechanical culture in pedantic grooves kills genius and quenches inspiration. We must beware that we do not get into a similar—though, of course, much advanced—condition of pedantry as obtained before the reforms of Palestrina. If it is thought that I exaggerate, I will apply one text. We have often heard of the coming musical genius. Whenever that *avatar* occurs, I will put it to my musical brethren who I am sure will agree with me when I say that he will have all the great schools against him. Why? First, because he will break through their pedantic rules; and, secondly, because he will not belong to their 'set,' for he is certain to be poor, and either self-taught or the outcome of individual tuition. If this be so, then these great monopolies are not advancing the cause of art, and we must raise the cry of reform."

The London *Morning Post* is responsible for the following account of how Chopin's Funeral March was composed: "The inspiration came to Chopin in the studio of M. Ziem, in the Rue Lepic, and was suggested by a story told him by that artist. M. Ziem had been one evening to the studio of Prince Edmond de Polignac with Comte de Laire and M. de Valdemore. There was a skeleton in the studio, and among other Bohemian whimsicalities, Prince Edmond placed the skeleton on a chair in front of the piano and guided its fingers over the keys. 'Some time later on,' says M. Ziem, 'Chopin came into my studio just as George Sand depicts him, the imagination haunted by the legends of the land of fogs, besieged by nameless shapes. After frightful nightmares all night, in which he had struggled against spectres who threatened to carry him off to hell, he came to rest in my studio. His nightmares reminded me of the skeleton scene, and I told him of it. His eyes never left my piano, and he asked, 'Have you a skeleton?' I had none; but I promised to have one that night, and so invited Polignac to dinner and asked him to bring his skeleton. What had previously been a mere farce,' continued M. Ziem, 'became, owing to Chopin's aspirations, something grand, terrible and painful. Pale, with staring eyes, and draped in a winding sheet, Chopin held the skeleton close to him, and suddenly the silence of the studio was broken by the broad, slow, deep, gloomy notes. The Dead March was composed there and then from beginning to end.'

"After some years over seas," says the

*Musical Courier*, "Wilhelm Gericke, formerly conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, returns to his old post, and there can be no doubt as to the genuineness of the satisfaction expressed in print and private regarding his renunciation. By perfectly fair, perfectly legitimate means, Mr. Gericke has won a reputation for himself, both at home and abroad. Beloved in Vienna, and his name a glorious tradition for the younger frequenters of the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he comes back to the scenes of his former triumphs richer in experience and without abating a jot of that old mastery of his men—a mastery that laid the technical foundations of the band from Boston. Mr. Gericke has been strenuously absorbed in his work while in Europe, but he confesses to always having felt a weakness for America. He it was who first conducted the Boston Orchestra in this city and at Steinway Hall. We understand that Mrs. Jeannette M. Thuber played the part of an impresaria in the matter. There it was that Mr. Gericke unfolded to our astonished ears the technical beauty, the grace, finesse and polish of his wonderful organization. Since those days he has grown, and a too austere preoccupation with the material side of his music has given way to a certain breadth, mellowness and poetry. He has the true conductor's temperament—alert, nervously vigorous, tactful and musical. We look for much from Wilhelm Gericke and the Boston Symphony Orchestra during the coming season."

Mr. Ebenezer Prout, in his recent admirable work on *The Orchestra*, makes some references to the difference in tone quality of the oboe as employed by artists respectively of Germany, France and England. In view of the expected visit of Nikisch's Berlin orchestra to this country during the coming season, Mr. Prout's remarks will be of interest. In the wood-wind section of his new book there is an interesting reference to the German oboe, which has a broader reed than that employed in English or French instruments, and consequently the tone is fuller and more nasal. Professor Prout thinks that "it is disagreeable to our ears accustomed to a different quality of tone; but it may be doubted if the German oboe is not of great value for certain kinds of melody, as was proved by its inclusion in Nikisch's orchestra some few years ago. Many critics not knowing any better, objected to the player; but really it was the instrument. There again it is largely a question of taste; but it must be remembered that the German composer writes with the tone quality of the German oboe in his mind's ear, and therefore it should be used when German compositions are performed."

The Toronto Conservatory of Music reopened on Thursday last for the twelfth season of its work. This will be the second academic year in its handsome new buildings on College street, which have proven to be so well adapted for its educational work. The equipment and facilities possessed by the Conservatory are equalled by but few musical institutions on this continent. The faculty is well known for its strength, and includes several specialists, whose pupils hold important positions throughout Canada and the United States. The educational standard is of the highest order, as shown by the critical examinations conducted at the institution and the readiness with which its graduates secure positions as teachers and performers. Public confidence in the Conservatory and the excellence of its work has resulted in a steadily increasing attendance, which reached 922 last year, and the prospects are that it will exceed 1,000 the present season. The new illustrated calendar will be ready in a day or two, and may be obtained free on application.

A Brantford correspondent, who is having some dispute about the matter, enquires as to "the native land of a number of prominent Toronto musicians," whose names he gives in the following order, viz.: Messrs. H. M. Field, A. S. Vogt, F. H. Torrington, E. W. Schuch, W. O. Forsyth, J. Humphrey Anger, W. E. Fairclough, Edward Fisher, J. D. A. Tripp, Frank Welsman, J. W. F. Harrison, J. W. McNally and W. Elliott Haslam. Whilst not absolutely certain of my bearings in this matter, I will hazard a guess that Messrs. Field, Vogt, Forsyth, Fairclough, Tripp, Welsman and McNally were born in Canada; and that Messrs. Torrington, Schuch, Anger, Harrison and Haslam first saw the light of day in England. Mr. Fisher is, I believe, a Vermont boy by birth. In every case, however, the musicians named have become so thoroughly identified with the best musical interests of Canada that they may fairly be considered representative Canadian musicians.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, the talented solo pianist, who has recently returned to Toronto after having spent two years in Vienna under the tuition of the eminent Leschetizky and others, resumed his classes in piano playing on Thursday last. As will be seen from his announcement in another column, Mr. Tripp has equipped a studio in the Oddfellows' building, corner of Yonge and College streets, where he may be interviewed at any time. The Toronto public will be pleased to learn that it is Mr. Tripp's intention to give a series of piano recitals during the coming

season, the first of which will take place in about six weeks, further particulars of which will be announced in SATURDAY NIGHT at a later date.

Appropos of the enquiry of a Brantford correspondent regarding the place of birth of some of our local musicians, probably no place of its size has contributed so largely to the musical forces of Toronto as the village of Aurora to the north of us. Messrs. Field, Forsyth and McNally are, I believe, old Aurora boys. Mr. Cecil Forsyth of the Metropolitan School of Music is another musician who hails from that smiling burg, and Miss Nora Hillary, I am told, is also a former Aurorian.

Dr. C. E. Saunders of this city, the well known specialist in voice culture, has accepted the appointment of choirmaster of the Dominion Methodist Church, Ottawa, and enters upon his duties there on Oct. 1. During his residence in Toronto Dr. Saunders has gained the respect of the public and profession, and his departure will be much regretted by a large circle of friends. The position to which he has been appointed is one of the best of the kind in Canada.

The National Flag, words by Mr. James Commee, M.P.P., music by Mr. H. H. Godfrey, is the latest patriotic song by the composer whose former efforts in this direction have met with so much success. The words are stirring and the music simple and appropriate. This song will doubtless receive the same attention as Mr. Godfrey's *The Land of the Maple and Men of the North*. Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. are the publishers.

Mr. Joseph Huggill, the well known violin maker, has a fine collection of his excellent instruments on exhibit at the Industrial Fair. As in former years, Mr. Huggill's exhibit attracts the attention of violin experts from all parts of the country, the reputation of his violins and his well known success as a specialist. In this branch of musical instrument manufacture having given him a wide market for his goods.

Madame Anna Farini, who has been a pupil of Dr. Paul and Dr. Reinecke of the Leipzig Conservatory of Music, also of Klindworth, the eminent Berlin pedagogue, and of the great Liszt, announces her intention of accepting a limited number of pupils in piano-playing during the coming season. Applications can be made to Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming.

After the Sunset is the title of a waltz by Miss Louise C. Ramsay, which was presented to the public for the first time on Monday evening last, at Munro Park, by the band of the Q.O.R., and was fully appreciated by a large audience.

Miss Rubina Preston, daughter of Mr. W. T. R. Preston of this city, has returned home after having spent two years in Leipzig and Vienna studying under the eminent masters Krause, Siloti and Leschetizky.

Mr. F. H. Burt, a former pupil of the Toronto College of Music, has received the appointment of senior music teacher at the Institute for the Blind at Brantford, and enters upon his duties on Sept. 15.

It is rumored that the Grand Duke of Baden has granted permission to Herr Mottl to bring over to London the artists and chorus of the Karlsruhe Opera House next season.

## Battle Impressions.

Scrubber's Magazine.

THERE were two vivid, impressive moments during the battle of El Caney. One was when I stood beside General Chaffee and saw a bullet cut from his breast by a Mauser bullet. A moment before he had been raging up and down the line, the only man in his whole brigade who was not lying flat on the grass. His hat was on the back of his head, and his lean, thirtiecentury face was glorified with the passion and fury of the fight—the toughest, profane, divinely soldier I ever saw in battle, his eyes shining, and the muscles standing out on his neck and forehead like knotted cords. Then, as I stood beside him in the shadow for a moment, a Mauser bullet clipped the shining ornament from his breast, and he looked into my face with a half-startled, half-amused air.

The next tremendous moment of the fight was when I went alone to the edge of the trench in front of the stone fort, and saw the Spaniards who remained alive crouching there and waiting for death. The thing that fascinated me was a drop of blood which hung on the end of a dead man's nose. His lips were drawn back from his teeth and he seemed to be laughing, and there on the end of his pinched nose was a great bright drop of blood.

In every battle that I go through, I somehow get a melody in my head and hum it to the end of the action. I suppose it is the result of nervous excitement. A man's nerves play him some very curious tricks. All through the battle and massacre of Port Arthur in the Japanese war, I hummed the air from Mendelssohn's Springtime, and during the shell fire I found myself actually shrieking it. When I started in the charge on Fort Caney, I began to hum Rock of Ages, and I couldn't get rid of the tune even when I was lying among the dying of Chaffee's brigade in the hospital camp. I remember that when General Chaffee leaned over me after I had been shot and asked me how I was, I couldn't answer him until I had finished, in my mind, one phrase of Rock of Ages.

## How Trooper Rowland Fought at San Juan.

Trooper Rowland of Deming was shot through the lower ribs (writes Richard Harding Davis in *Scribner's*); he was ordered by Roosevelt to fall back to the dressing station, but there Church told him there was nothing he could do for him then, and directed him to sit down

until he could be taken to the hospital at Siboney. Rowland sat still for a short time, and then remarked restlessly: "I don't seem to be doing much good here," and, picking up his carbine, returned to the front. There Roosevelt found him.

"I thought I ordered you to the rear," he demanded.

"Yes, sir, you did," Rowland said, "but there didn't seem to be much doing back there."

He was sent to Siboney with the rest of the wounded, and two days later he appeared in camp. He had marched from Siboney, a distance of six miles, and up hill all the way, carrying his carbine, canteen and cartridge-belt.

"I thought you were in hospital," Wood said.

"I was," Rowland answered sheepishly, "but I didn't seem to be doing any good there."

They gave him up as hopeless after that, and he continued his duties and went into the fight of the San Juan hills with the hole still through his ribs.

Tommy—Why are single women called spinners? Pa—I expect it's because they are always spinning a web to catch a man, my boy.—*London Fun*.

"What is a philosopher, Uncle Jim?" "A philosopher is a man who has noticed that the things people worry about usually never come to pass."—*Chicago Record*.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed the proud young father, as he flung the book aside. "To what do you refer?" asked the friend, who welcomed any topic that did not lead to a description of phenomenal children.

"This statement that all men are born equal. It's an utter fallacy. Why, my baby weighed ten pounds when it was born and Tuckley's weighed only seven and a half."—*Washington Post*.

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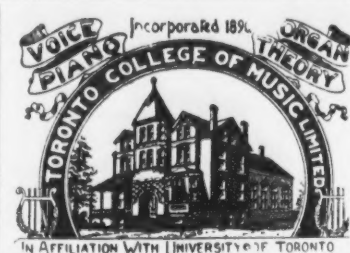
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MISS MCCARROLL Principal of Theoretical Department of Toronto Junction College of Music and school of Art. Teacher of Piano Playing (Celebrated Leschetizky Method), Harmony and Counterpoint, at Bishop Strachan School, Private Studio, 617 Spadina Ave., Toronto. 61

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## Social and Personal.

Mr. Harry Evans, son of Dr. Evans of Spadina avenue, has returned from England, looking very fit, and much welcomed back by many friends.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club will also give a couple more hops on the Island, and intend to finish their summer season by a dance at the city club-house, a very charming place, as we all remember, for a function of that sort.

Miss E. Dockrill of Dowling avenue has returned from camping at Presque Isle Point, accompanied by Miss Harnden of Brighton.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton of Surrey place have moved to 40 Roxborough street west.

Mrs. W. J. Wilson of College street, and her two boys, Norman and Kenneth, have been spending the summer at Glen Rowan, Jackson's Point, and will return to town shortly.

Miss Lois C. Doty of Chicago is visiting Mrs. Maurice Buckley at 122 Avenue road.

Miss Bessie Hees is visiting her friend, Miss Tonkin, in Oswego.

Mr. and Mrs. Grace have had a jolly summer at their country home and have entertained a number of Toronto friends delightfully.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston have returned from the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Appleton and Miss Fanny Appleton of Magog, Que., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Stanley, 80 Trinity street.

Miss Joceline B. Kirk has returned to town after a year's touring on the Continent. Miss Kirk visited some of the most ancient castles of the British Isles during her stay abroad.

Miss Georgina Macdonald left last week for London and will be gone some time.

Miss E. Howie Macdonald left by steamer Spartan for Montreal, and on her return will visit Thousand Island Park and Kingston.

Messrs. E. B. Osler, A. R. Creelman, Kemp, Walter Cassels and Warren returned on Wednesday from a most enjoyable fishing trip to Lake Nepigon.

Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson and their family have returned from Sturgeon Point, where they have a summer residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Creelman and their family have returned from The Breakers, Collingwood, where they spent a delightful summer.

A very enjoyable club ride was taken by the pretty girl bicycle club on Wednesday. Twelve couples rode about the city, and adjourned at ten o'clock to a popular restaurant for ice-cream. One "pretty girl" disposed of three ice-creams.

Rev. T. S. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell of Winton passed through the city this week en route for St. John, N.B., and other points in the Maritime Provinces.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Mr. Melville Ross Gooderham and Miss Charlotte Wheeler Taylor. The ceremony will take place on September 15, at three o'clock, in St. Simon's church, Howard street, and a reception will afterwards be held at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. William D. Taylor, 30 Charles street. The young couple will occupy the residence of Mr. Charles Nelson in Elm avenue for the winter, as their own home will not be ready this year. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson are to spend the winter in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee and their little daughter have returned to Toronto. Mrs. Lee has been spending some time in Muskoka with her sister, Mrs. Warden.

The usual tales and jokes brought back by the campers and holiday-makers in Muskoka are in course of circulation, and the girls and boys are comparing notes as to their experiences in different camps. I hear that of all the chaperones, male or female, Captain Myles is voted the chief, and that the merry campers under his care had the best time.

Invitations are being royally sewn broadcast by our Southern friends to Toronto folks to visit the Sunny South during the inclement winter months. Some of our susceptible youths are so far subjugated by *les beaux yeux* of the Southern girls that it is safe to foretell a packed grip and a pilgrimage south for them before the snow flies, that is, if our own girls do not make it warm enough for them here in acknowledgment of their fickleness and susceptibility. A well known Toronto society man confided the cause of his unusual interest in things

feminine to a club friend as follows: "It's all those girls from the South. They are so breezy and full of go. I always thought Southerners were a sleepy lot. I've repented! Just you tackle that quiet-looking blonde or that one with the drooping eyelashes. If they don't give you a race for your money, I'm a Spanish dancer!" As the club-man in question might be any of nature's masterpieces more easily than the artist mentioned, his word may be considered impregnable. The summer of 1888 will be remembered by Toronto boys for the Southern girl's raid upon their affections. She has gotten her hooks into them all—tall and short, fat and lean, blonde, red-headed and swarthy. The Muskoka girls and the lakeside belles have returned like war-time nurses, in season to bind up broken hearts, and some of them are chagrined enough to find out that the pressure of business which kept some protesting beau from his usual holiday loaf has turned out to be the arduous labor of paddling a soft-voiced Southerner about the bay or escorting her to the Island dances. There is an ominous tenseness about the lips that say "No" to invitations of said swains to attend bicycle rides and band concerts. The Muskoka girl and the lakeside girl are considering just how they can square accounts with the faithless summer boy, who has been sporting a Stars and Stripes button all summer. And the unconscious cause of the trouble is packing her bewitching frocks, and saying gentle *au revoir* to the donkey between two bundles of hay, and taking her winsome smiles and naive ways to her home in the South. And we one and all hope she has had a good enough time to induce her to come back next summer and do more mischief.

Miss Pierson of St. Louis has returned home. Her belt is adorned with the scalps of many warriors.

Rev. William Patterson of Cook's church has returned from his annual visit to Ireland. Dr. Milligan of St. Andrew's has returned from Scotland.

The Foresters have possessed the city during the past ten days. On Wednesday the grand procession gathered a great crowd. In the carriages I noticed Archdeacon and Mrs. Davis of London, Rev. J. W. and Mrs. McCaughan, who all take great interest in the Order. On Tuesday evening the beautiful Temple was the scene of a great dedication ceremony and reception. On Wednesday the members attended the Exhibition, and Dr. Oronhyatekha startled the banqueters at luncheon by succumbing to the intense heat as soon as he rose to make a speech. He was promptly laid out and ministered to by the president and a physician. This disappointed those expecting to enjoy an eloquent address, for however delightful the following of such a precedent by the usual run of table orators might be to their listeners, in the gifted doctor's case it was a decidedly unwished-for *contretemps*. Much work and thought and late hours, followed by a temperature of 103 in the shade, overcame the robust and magnetic potentate, whose health should be the first care of himself and his friends.

Sunnybanks, in Hamilton, the residence of Mr. R. R. Morgan, was the scene of a very happy party on Wednesday evening, the occasion being the marriage of Mr. Morgan's daughter, Clara Adda, to Mr. James Vallance son of Mr. James Vallance of Hamilton. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. M. Franklin of St. Thomas's church, at 6:30 o'clock, in the presence of forty or fifty guests, who then sat down to supper and some capital speechmaking. The bridesmaids were Miss Minnie and Miss Florence Morgan and Miss Ethelwyn Vallance, all of whom were most becomingly groomed. After the bridal party left the young people began

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MATINEES, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY

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**SPLendid COMPANY**  
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**ALL LAUGHTER**  
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WEEK COMMENCING  
SPECIAL MATINEE **Monday, September 5**  
LABOR DAY . . . .

OTHER MATINEES—TUESDAY—THURSDAY—SATURDAY

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THE COMEDIANS  
**KELLY and MASON**  
In their Comedy of Complications  
**WHO IS WHO**  
"ENJOY YOURSELVES"  
Next Attraction—"THE DEVIL'S AUCTION"—Seventy People

to arrive, and a large party danced and made merry in the house and on the lawn until the small hours. For one of the numbers the older people formed a set of lancers in the drawing-room while the young people did the same on the lawn, the orchestra occupying the large French window between, and everyone enjoyed the fun immensely. During the afternoon Mr. Vallance was entertained by the jolly fellows of the "White House" at the Beach, who expressed their satisfaction that Mr. Vallance was not going away alone, as he had done when they gave him a send-off two years ago. Among the beautiful presents received by the young couple was a handsome case of

sterling silver table accessories, a gift from the club. The honeymoon is being spent in the East and Mr. and Mrs. Vallance will leave about the middle of September for their home in the Western province.

The many friends of Miss Edith S. Scott and Miss Millie Williamson will be pleased to hear of their safe arrival in Honolulu on August 7 after a most delightful voyage of seven days from Vancouver, B.C., per steamship Warrimoo. They witnessed the official raising of the U.S. flag at Honolulu.

Mrs. Carleton and daughters, of Crawford street, returned home yesterday after

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Longfellow sang the song of Hiawatha, describing the poetical nature of the Indian maiden Minnehaha, and from all time there has appeared occasionally among those children of the forest a poet, a musician, with soul filled with divinity melody breathed into it by the Author of all harmony, as witness our own Pauline Johnston. In our midst to-day we have another remarkable genius who, unaided by college or conservatory, interprets the music of the Masters with a freshness of imagination that comes only to those who distinguish the music of the rippling rills and babbling brooks. He has traveled extensively, and at whatever appearance has held his audiences spell-bound by the beauty and expression in his recitals.

The Messrs. R. S. Williams & Sons Co., Limited, have secured him this year to play the pianos contained in their splendid display at the Industrial, where they will have instruments finished in cases of new designs and choicest varieties of wood. Their exhibit this year surpasses anything they have heretofore attempted, and will prove one of the greatest attractions at the Fair.

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WEEK OF SEPT. 5

LABOR DAY

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MORNING AND AFTERNOON

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### Social and Personal.

Mrs. Fred W. Ross and daughter returned last week from Atherley.

The Mayor of Roseland, Mr. H. S. Wallace, has been visiting friends in Toronto.

The bravery of Mr. Wilkes Steward, the actor, who rescued from drowning Miss Marion Robinson, was publicly rewarded on Friday evening of last week in the Pavilion, where a large crowd gathered. Mr. Adam Brown of Hamilton, president of the Royal Humane Society, brought the medal, which Mayor Shaw pinned on the hero's breast. Many prominent people were present and also the rescued one, Miss Robinson. An additional enjoyment was the concert. Such a recognition of a brave act is commended.

Premier Hardy left this week for a few days' fishing in the North. The Parliament Buildings are once more in darkness at night.

The month of September was ushered in by a very pleasing and interesting event, which took place at ten o'clock Thursday morning at All Saints' church. This was the marriage of Miss Ethel Octavia Mordoff, daughter of Mrs. Alexander Henry of this city, and Mr. Homer L. Bunnell, formerly of Winnipeg, now of Toronto. Rev. A. H. Baldwin performed the ceremony. The wedding was very quiet and unostentatious, there being present only the immediate relatives and friends of the contracting parties. The bridesmaid was Miss Lena Mallory, daughter of Dr. Mallory of Campbellford, and cousin of the bride. The groomsmen were Mr. William Henry. The bride was married in her traveling dress, a neat tailor-made gown of royal purple, with lining of old-rose silk; she carried a shower bouquet of white roses. The groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful cluster ring of emeralds and diamonds, and to the bridesmaid and groomsmen pearl pins of chaste and appropriate design. Miss Mallory wore a tailor-made gown of royal purple, and carried a shower bouquet of pink roses. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of the bride, 275 Jarvis street, where a sumptuous breakfast was partaken of, after which the happy couple took their departure on the steamboat express for Winnipeg, via Owen Sound, where they will spend their honeymoon. The esteem in which the bride is held was evidenced by the many beautiful presents of which she was the recipient. On their return from their bridal trip, Mr. and Mrs. Bunnell will reside at 275 Jarvis street.

On Monday evening, August 29, a most enjoyable concert was given at Sandy Point Camp, Lake Muskoka, the summer residence of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Beddoe. The concert was the result of the kindly thought of Miss Mabel Beddoe, who was only thought of on the Friday previous, and was in aid of the funds of the Children's Aid Society. As it would have been impossible to accommodate the expected audience in the house, the center of the spacious veranda was used as a stage, with all the accessories, including draw curtains, etc. The curtains on being pulled aside revealed a stage arrangement which astonished and pleased the large audience present. By the use of blankets, shawls and table-cloths of different patterns and hues, small flags, grasses, autumn leaves and wild flowers, a very beautiful effect had been produced. The footlights were nothing more than lanterns, and the rest of the lighting was done by ordinary oil-lamps, yet notwithstanding a disappointment in the non-receipt of colored fire, even the tableaux showed to good advantage. With the exception of seven of the performers, all who took part in the entertainment were residents of or guests at the camp, and it was indeed largely due to these latter that the pretty stage effect was possible. Mr. Beddoe performed the duties of chairman in an entertaining and mirth-provoking manner, and also rendered several solos and took part in a duet. Those who took part in the entertainment were: Misses Anna Laing, Dundas; Florence and Marguerite Papps, Hamilton; Ethel

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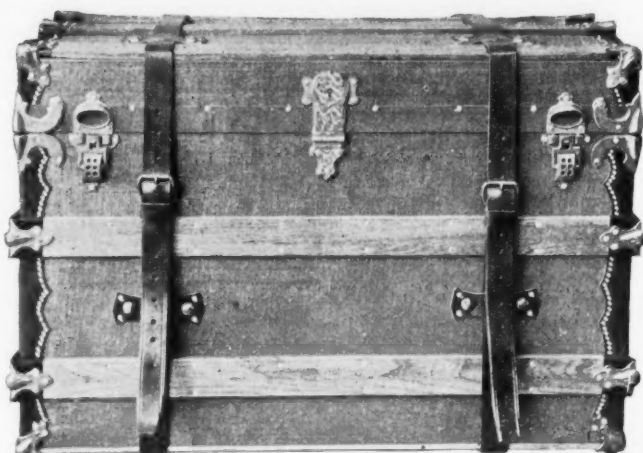
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Has just completed an immense purchase of 200 Dozen Ladies' Silk and Wool Umbrellas, with Ivory, Onyx, Celluloid, Horn and "Sterling Silver" and "Gold" Mounted Handles. These are now displayed in our east window, and you can have your choice for

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lene Giele, Portsmouth, O.; F. Ever, Pittsburgh, Pa.; and Misses Mabel and Marjorie Beddoe, Toronto; Messrs. Robert Dolittle, Elyria, O.; Rev. Mr. Herron, Portsmouth, O.; Rev. B. F. Williams, Oil City, Pa.; Will Coburn, Oshawa; H. Tyler and B. Warnock, Galt; Alf Mortimer, Mortimer's Point; and J. J. Gartshore and T. D. Beddoe, Toronto. In addition to these the following assisted in the preparation: Miss Mackenzie, Dundas; Miss Annie Woods and Mr. Sheldon, Galt; Mrs. Gartshore, Mrs. J. F. Lash and the Misses Lash and Mrs. Beddoe, Toronto. The night was one of the most perfect ever seen in Muskoka. The camp is on a point jutting out into and nearly level with the lake, and has a long sandy beach. The sky was cloudless, except at short intervals, and the moon rode the heavens in all her silvery glory. The lake was smooth as a mirror, and in it were reflected the surrounding shores and foliage. Even the fitting, fleecy clouds were distinctly

This we prescribe, though no physician.  
—Richard H., A. I., S. I.

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Three Bicycles were given as prizes—Riders of Gendrons won two of them, also two out of three of the gold medals. The teams that almost all ride Gendrons are sure to win. They have done it now four years in succession: R. C. B. C., '95, at Toronto; R. C. B. C., '96, at London; Ramblers, '97, at Toronto; R. C. B. C., '98, at Toronto.

## The RICHARD SIMPSON CO., Limited

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AND  
HAMILTON

mirrored in the water, and of course the air was still. Under such circumstances it was no discomfort for the audience to sit out in the open air. Indeed it is seldom that an audience is delighted by such exquisitely beautiful surroundings while being entertained. At the close of the entertainment refreshments were served and a large bonfire lit. The fire threw into relief the numerous row-boats on the beach and the dense foliage, adding still more to the beauty of the scene. The amount realized as the result of the entertainment was \$20.

Harvey—George said he kissed you. Did he? Flora (ambiguously)—Not much.—*Boston Traveler*.

Judge—Your wife is on the way to bail you out. Prisoner—(Hic) Fr God's sake, judge, send me up.—*Boston Courier*.

Teacher—Mary, make a sentence with "dogma" as subject. Mary (after careful thought)—The dogma has three puppies.—*Ec.*

Footlight—Who is the most promising person in your company? Sue Bretton—Oh, the manager, by all means.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Did you say the man was shot in the woods, doctor?" "No, I didn't. I said he was shot in the lumbar region."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Snagsby is the most devoted golfman I ever met. The only meat he eats is sausage." "Ball?" "No, links."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"There's a young woman who makes little things count." "How does she do it?" "Teaches arithmetic in a primary school."—*Boston Globe*.

"Tommy," said the teacher to a pupil in the juvenile class, "what is syntax?" "I guess it must be the tax on whiskey," replied Tommy.—*Chicago News*.

Student—Fellows, the sheriff, came to my rooms to-day. He seems to me just like a child. All how so? Student—He wants everything he sees.—*Laustige Blatter*.

"You know, after all," said the young father, "a baby does brighten up the house." Single Skeptic—I daresay; I've noticed the gas burning late in your room recently.—*Moonshine*.

First member musical committee—Does the new soprano's voice fill the church? Second member—Harlly. The ushers tell me there are always vacant seats in the gallery.—*Detroit Journal*.

"They say Lieutenant Hobson has shown considerable sharpness in looking after the business of raising those Spanish warships." "Sharp as a raiser, eh?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Mrs. Parvenu—My husband is going to have a life-size statue of himself carved in marble. Mrs. Shoddy—That's nothing. My husband has a bust every Saturday night.—*Roxbury Gazette*.

A man was taking his usual dose of pork and beans in a restaurant at Olympia and found two silver dimes in the beans. Calling the waiter, he howled out in an impatient manner: "Here, what kind of a lay-out is this? I have found twenty cents in my beans!" "Well, you are hard to please," replied the waiter; "yesterday

you growled about not having any change in your diet!"—*Seattle Times*.

"Isn't it awful?" said Mrs. Jenks to her husband. "Isn't what awful?" queried Jenks. "Houston's boy was run over and received infernal injuries." "Infernal you mean." "No, I mean infernal. I know what I'm talking about." After a quarrel of five minutes, Jenks produced a dictionary, and with considerable difficulty managed to find "infernal." "There," he exclaimed, "I told you so! Infernal means relating to the lower regions." "Well," replied Mrs. Jenks—and there was a ring of triumph in her voice—"ain't that where he was injured?"—*Boston Globe*.

### Indian Music.

Poets have sung the songs of the trees and the flowers and the rhythm of the breezes and gentle zephyrs, but coming from the dells and the wild woods is a child of nature, dressed in the primitive garb of his people, now in this city, to charm the souls of the musically inclined with strains of divinely melody. This musical prodigy, who has been here all week, will continue to be in attendance at the Exhibition daily, and will preside at the pavilion of the Messrs. Williams to interpret in his own inimitable way all the choicest music of the day and past ages. A treat is in store for all who call at the R. S. Williams & Sons Company's exhibit in the annex. When the sun in his splendour has sunk slow to rest and the golden hues tints of the evening appear; when feathery songsters repose in their nest, is then I am thinking of my darling.

### Fashions Do Attract a Man!

The man who knows says, "Fashion could not have swayed man's taste as it ever has done since authentic history began and in less than a century have changed the costumes of the world, were it not that in every human heart there is an innate fondness for the attractive and novel in dress. Man likes dress. He cannot help it." Henry A. Taylor, Draper, the Rossin Block, is receiving new stock and opening up now a grand range of fine imported woolsens in all the most fashionable weaves, mixtures and color effects in just those exclusive and fashionable lines which will be attractive but demonstrate the fact in the quotation above that man is fond of handsome dress. One is assured that in the garments made at this drapery they have all the essentials of attractiveness, style and quality, and yet that gentlemanly quietness which gentlemen of taste must have. Visitors to the city at Fair time will find Henry A. Taylor an authority on good dress, and he always has the good stuff to make the good garments. He welcomes you to a consultation and inspection.

Stitt & Co. are making special display in their show windows during Exhibition week for the benefit of their many out-of-town customers who visit Toronto at this season—lovely evening gowns, morning and afternoon and visiting gowns. Stitt & Co. have been besieged by Americans the last few seasons, and some of the gowns displayed are for ladies from the Sunny South, and do this progressive firm credit both in design and the handsome materials used.

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.  
SAMUEL—Aug. 31, Mrs. Montagu Samuel—a son.  
HAMILTON—Peterboro, Aug. 31, Mrs. R. Miles—Hamilton—a son.  
JEWELL—Aug. 22, Mrs. Harry Jewell—a daughter.  
MAY—Aug. 21, Mrs. Charles F. May—a son.  
ANDERSON—Aug. 30, Mrs. Fred G. Anderson—a son.  
REESOR—Nelson, B.C., Aug. 25, Mrs. William Cushman—a son.  
CUSHMAN—Aug. 29, Mrs. R. Cushman—a daughter.  
HORNE—Elora, Aug. 29, Mrs. (Rev.) H. H.

Horne—a son.  
ROGERS—Aug. 29, Mrs. A. S. Rogers—a son.

### Marriages.

BUNNELL—Mordoff—Sept. 1, Homer L. Bunnell to Ethel Octavia Mordoff.  
MCRAE—JONES—Aug. 25, Walter R. Macrae to Ada A. Jones.  
COLEMAN—WATKINS—Aug. 25, Dr. Theo. Coleman to Kathleen Blake Watkins.  
SMITH—HAMILTON—Cocoma, Aug. 24, Rev. Lenox Inghill Smith to Lillian Margaret Hamilton.  
BAKER—GRIFPIN—New Minus, N. S., Aug. 29, Fred M. Baker to Lottie F. Griffin.  
RUTHERFORD—WORKMAN—Stratford, Aug. 21, Robert T. Rutherford to Bessie F. Workman.  
BOWLES—WICKETT—Victoria, B. C., Aug. 16, Cyrus H. Bowles to Florence Gertrude Wickett.  
KLEIN—MAY—Aug. 21, A. B. Klein, Q.C., to Clara Elizabeth May.  
WATTS—GENGE—Aug. 31, Albert George Watts to Mary Ellen Genge.

### Deaths.

DARTNELL—Aug. 26, Elizabeth Morton Dartnell, aged 62.  
SMITH—Sydenham, Kent, Aug. 9, George Smith, aged 76.  
FLETCHER—Aug. 28, George Fletcher, aged 49.  
MITCHELL—Aug. 28, Isabella H. Mitchell, aged 84.  
NIVEN—Aug. 30, Margaret Dalrymple Niven.  
SIMMONS—Aug. 28, Thomas Simmons, aged 59.  
CURRIE—Aug. 27, John A. Currie, aged 66.

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